

1487.aaa.5.

CHARLES and TERESA.

AN ORIGINAL

N O V E L.



CHARLES AND TERESA,

AN

ORIGINAL NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

FOUNDED ON TRUTH.

Love is a transitory Taste, founded entirely on the Illusion of the Senses, an inconsiderate Affection, though a bewitching one, which by its peculiar Charms, softens all the Cares, and sweetens the Bitterness of Life.

LIFE OF NINON D'ENCLOS.

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia Pectora cogis?

VIRG. EN.

BY J. WHITE.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Novel was taken from a work, entitled,—Anecdotes of the Reigns of Henry III. of France, and Henry of Navarre, who succeeded to the crown of France by the name and title of Henri le Grand.

THE Story required no skill of the Author to improve or set it off, as every fact related, is founded on truth, with this exception only, that the Writer has given the personages fictitious names.—His only merit, if he can aspire to any, is, that he endeavoured to relate it in the best language, suitable to the stile, of which he is master.

THIS is his first Essay; and he hopes, that the candid Publick will make allowances for the faults or omissions, which may be found in it, either through neglect, or want of skill in this sort of writing.

HIS only view was and is to please, and if he fails, he humbly flatters himself, that his good intention, will procure him, if not a general applause, at least a favourable

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able opinion in the breasts of his readers, and particularly of the fair sex, for whom, he chiefly undertook writing this Novel.

As works of this kind are, now a-days, written in the epistolary way, which confer, if properly written in that stile, a double advantage,—at once to amuse and to instruct, he has followed the same plan, and has taken especial care to substitute, in the place of what the French call, the *Faux Brillant*,—(a false sparkling of sublimity, too much made use of by the generality of authors) the easy, familiar narrative of letter-writing.

His whole ambition, he again repeats, is to please, and if he be so happy as to succeed, it is the only emolument he did or does expect for his labour.—He therefore throws his Orphan Child upon the mercy of popular opinion, in the firm hope, that an indulgence for it's failings, will bring to remembrance the request of Mr. Pope,

“ Smile where you can, be candid where you may.”

DEDI-

T O

Mrs. CHRISTMAS.

MADAM,

THE obligations which I lie under to you and your worthy family, are so many and so great, that, I flatter myself, they will sufficiently apologize for the liberty I take in dedicating this NOVEL to you, unsolicited.

It is the only means I could find out to express my gratitude, and tho' poor the attempt, yet your goodness will make allowances for the inability of your,

devoted,

humble,

fervant,

JOSEPH WHITE.

CHRISTIAN

THE

JOHN WHITE



CHARLES and TERESA.

N O V E L

LETTER I.

The Count de St. BLAISE to the Duc
de B——

TELL you again, my dear brother, it is impossible for me to be so happy. There are many invincible reasons, which impede my going.—I hope that you will stand convinced, that something very extraordinary should interfere, when I

B

refuse

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refuse to participate personally of the felicity of my brother, at least I shall enjoy it in imagination, with that heart-felt satisfaction which love and fraternal attachment inspire.—

WITH what face, think you, could I ask leave of the King for such a journey? —What would the court think? Believe me, as circumstances now are between our different parties, an invitation to be present at your nuptials, is strongly suspected of being nothing more than a fair pretext of getting me among you. I must endeavour to prove that surmise groundless.

A CIVIL war lies in embryo, and I fear e'er long will come to birth.—God avert the impending ruin! My heart, through apprehension already bleeds for poor France! May my fears be vain!—But there are strong reasons for suspicion. The protestant faction at our court are growing more turbulent and restless.—

What

What need have I to tell you so; are you not at the bottom of these dissensions? — Oh Duke! that our principles had not been the same! Why did not our guardians imbibe into us the same religious principles, since providence gave us the same fathers? — But it is now in vain to regret: — it is done! — At least I conjure you, do your endeavours to prevent a civil war; I will exert mine on my side to keep it off.

CURSE on the enthusiastick religious fools; — why did they not keep their disputes among themselves? What had the policy of a nation to do with them? Forsooth, to aggrandize their own worth, and to shew what influence they have over the minds of mistaken man, they embroil fathers, brothers, friends and relations undistinguishedly in a continued scene of blood and slaughter! What desolation and waste has there not been made by the last unhappy wars? We have not only weakened ourselves within,

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but have exposed ourselves to the insults of foreign powers abroad, by the means of a parcel of ambitious men, who have no other way of establishing their greatness, but on the ruins of their country!

WHAT is it to me or you, if this man endeavours to go to heaven by the romish principles, or if that man will endeavour for the same happy mansion, by principles quite opposite. Each of those persons think themselves right, and as our happiness consists in the indulgence of our favourite passion, so this may be his; and his happiness, it must be supposed, depends more particularly on the truth of his christian doctrine, than in any one worldly consideration.—But forsooth, I must not be a papist, because such a chief of the dissenting party wills it so, and you must not be a protestant, because our head says, that you may be damned otherwise. Let them contend with paper and ink; but let us keep from cutting each others throats to please the varlets.

I DO

I DO not by this, mean to insinuate that I approve of your differing from me in point of religion ; on the contrary, I am grieved to the heart at it ; for the affection of a family lessens much by such a difference : it jars with their interests ; and lessens that confidence which is the foundation of all family connexions.

I HOPE my dear Lewis, that you will rest satisfied with my reasons for not being present at your marriage. My affections will be there ; and believe it, that she will be ever held dear to my heart as a sister, whom you make your wife.

I HAVE but two things now to wish for :—that you will use your influence to obstruct a civil war ;—and that the measure of your bliss may never cease to encrease, — this, and this alone can and will add to the happiness of,

St. BLAISE.

L E T-

LETTER II.

From the Same to the Same.

YOU prevail and I consent. How weak am I not to be able to keep my resolutions!—But five days ago nothing could seem to change my fixed purpose, and to day I am the true emblem of human frailty!—Well, I say, I do consent, and if the consequence prove detrimental, you alone are to blame!

I WENT yesterday to court, and got an audience of his Majesty, I requested leave of absence for some time. He demanded whither I was going.—I told him. He made several objections; but, however, reluctantly consented. He fears you much; for, after he had granted me the leave, he particularly cautioned me to beware of your insinuations, and said, when parting with me, that he would give a million of livres to have you of his interest.

interest. I wish you were, for the sake of your family, who all except yourself incline to the same interest.—I had an audience of the Queen mother also yesterday. She holds the same opinion of you with the King.

I SHALL be on the heels of this letter.—I have gotten permission to absent myself for three weeks at farthest: so fearful are they about my conduct. I have sent Du Val, my valet de chambre, before me with my luggage.—I hope that he will get accommodations for me near your palace. Adieu.

ST BLAISE;

LETTER III.

TERESA de CHAMONT to the Marchioness
de FRAISE at Paris.

MANY thanks to my dear Marchioness for her kind favour!— Yes, my dear friend, I shall adhere to your advise. My principles shall remain unchanged. No human power shall pervert them.—It was the last request of my dying mother, to persevere in the religion which I had imbibed from her.

I TOLD you, I believe in my last, that the Duc de B—— is to be married to the heiress of the house of ———. She is exceedingly handsome, but has not that symmetry of features which characterizes a beauty: yet she has the beauties of the mind, which far surpass any outward accomplishments.

THE

THE marriage is to be celebrated on the arrival of the Duc's brother. They speak much of him.—It is said, that he is very comely, and very handsome.—When we see him, we shall judge.—I wonder, as you undoubtedly know him, that you never mentioned him to me.—But then he is a papist.—That must lessen him in our opinion a little. Tho' I am no bigot.—I detest bigotry.—A bigot, I think, resembles a glutton, who devours all, and would leave nothing for his fellow-creatures to feed on.

WE have nothing new here. This marriage engrosses the conversation of all people. We are to have great doings. The King is to give the wedding supper and ball, and I suppose many others will succeed. Let my pleasure be ever so exquisite, it shall not exceed that, which at hearing of the welfare of my dear Marchioness, rises hourly in the breast of,

T. de CHAMONT.

B 5

LET-

LETTER IV.

From the Same to the Same.

WELL I have seen this expected brother.—I must do him justice by saying, that he beggars your description of him. He is comely, well shaped, of a graceful personage, and methinks, he has a most engaging countenance.—n fine, he is perfectly beautiful.—I never saw a person enter a room or address a lady with more becoming ease and grace.

He was introduced to me by the familiar stile of cousin, for you know our family and his are nearly allied. I must own, that it did not flatter me a little to have so handsome a kinsman.—Methinks I see you smile.—Pray, may not a person speak well of a kinsman without giving cause to surmise.—Never fear, do not suspect me. I can look upon a handsome man, as I would look upon a fine statue.
—Apropos,

—Apropos, I am to dance with this cousin this very night. — The ladies begin already to envy me that honour. I think I could very willingly resign it to them. I hate to be envied. It gives so many the spleen, and one would not choose to make people uneasy.

BUT why do I dwell on this subject.— I shall inform you of every thing which happens during this time of jubilee in my next.

A CIVIL war is creeping towards us. Whispers are frequent here. None speak out. God avert it. Yet my fears are strong. — The suspicion of it grumbles like thunder at a distance.—What will become of us?—You had better come to us, if it should break out; for you will not be very safe at Paris.—Some of our ministers are fomenting an irruption. —I wish, that they were sent to Geneva again, until matters could be accommodated.—But what need I say so; our
chiefs

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chiefs are for war.—My father is silent on the subject.—I dread his silence; it is a fore-runner of something important.—That our apprehensions may prove vain is the wish of,

T. de CHAMONT.

LET-

LETTER V.

The Marquis de VALSAIN to CHARLES
Count de St. BLAISE.

YOU are gratified. Every thing has succeeded as you would have, when you left Paris. — He got his release from the Bastile yesterday, on this proviso, that he will never more exercise his function in France. The King was surpris'd that you should interest yourself for a Huguenot. — The Queen mother is apprehensive of you. — She has sent the Abbés Tournon and Dabzac to —, as commissioners, to settle the religious contentions; but believe me their chief commission is to watch your motions. — Be cautious of them. Let them not have any cause to suspect you.

I FORGOT to tell you that poor Dubois is set out to return you thanks for the
favour

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favour you have done him. He intends afterwards to proceed to Geneva to be under the wings of his great patron and director Calvin.—I wish we had that miscreant's head.—He has been the cause of all our troubles, and will I believe, be a still greater.—I would be glad, that you would inform me, what they think in Bearn.—I believe that the greater part of the protestant chiefs are ready for a quarrel.—Don't exceed the time limited to you, lest you give the court cause of umbrage, and make your friends uneasy for you, and particularly your

Sincere,

VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER VI.

The Count St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I THANK you my dear Marquis, for your assiduity in serving me. — I am glad that that poor wretch has gotten his liberty.—I care not for what the court may think ; every object of distress, of what religion soever he be, shall always find me ready to succour him. — How hard it is that religious principles should render us either partial or impartial to our fellow creatures, when, if we let instinct operate in us, we will find pity predominant over every other passion :—but alas ! we are either marred or made in our education. —

My brother is married. His bride is a most elegant woman.—But now I talk of elegance ; let Paris no more boast of beauty.—I have seen,—Marquis, I have
seen

seen the Queen of beauty herself!—Did you ever hear of Teresa de Chamont, the Marechal de ———'s lovely daughter.—I was introduced to her as a relation and had the extatick pleasure of dancing with her last night at the King of Navarre's ball.—I never was happier in my life.—She is charming beyond expression! Here's a description of her.

SHE is taller than the common size, incomparably well shaped. She has fine brown hair, inclining somewhat to that which is called light-coloured, hanging usually in natural tresses on the finest turned shoulders that I ever beheld. Her face, oh, Marquis, her face! how shall I describe it!—well, it is of the oval form exactly, adorned with a pair of blue eyes, beneath two arched rainbows, more exquisite than the pencil of Apelles could draw.—She has in her left eye a small cast, which is so engagingly actuated, that it adds to their brightness. Her nose is somewhat of the aquiline. Her mouth

mouth is small, and within a pair of coral lips, on which the little Cupids wanton away their time, are placed two rows of ivory teeth, set in ruby sockets, more bright than the new fallen snow! Her cheeks are past all description: they seem to have stolen the velvet blush off the new plucked peach.—Talk not to me of the damask rose, in competition with her cheeks!—Oh Marquis, how they do dimple!—Love reigns uncontrouled in these dimples! Don't blame me if I fall in love with her! It is impossible to behold and not love!—Never did I see any thing so perfect!—She is an angel; she cannot be human!

I PREST her hand last night when I led her to her chair, and whispered some tender inarticulate sounds in her ear. I don't believe she heard me: if she did, at least she would not understand me.—I am charmed with her; and if I can please her, I shall think myself the happiest man in the world.

I HAD

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I HAD the honour of being introduced to the King of Navarre, and had a long-conference with him.—The subject was trivial. We did not enter into politicks. I am glad of it. I should own my principles and my inclinations also. Truth would be displeasing; and to disguise, I would bite my tongue off first.

I HAVE seen these spies of the Queen mother. They visited me on their arrival here. They evaded much in their answers to what questions I put to them. I will take care of them.—

AND NOW my friend, what think you if I fall in love. The object is too lovely to be looked on without loving. She is in my thoughts ever since I saw her.—I was obliged to copy this letter again; for instead of writing my own name I subscribed Teresa de Chamont at the bottom of it.—Advise me, Valsain, what to do: I fear, that it will prove a hapless flame.

flame. Our religion, our interest, my want of fortune, as being a younger son, she being heiress to a large estate, are insurmountable obstacles.—What shall I do? The flame is too flattering to smother.—Let us make an effort to surmount the difficulties and brave our fate.—I could for ever dwell on this subject; but have exceeded the bounds of a letter.—
Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to the Marchioness de FRAISE.

YOU tell me I am in love; but I will not believe you.—What, cannot a person have a little prepossession for a fine man, without being in love with him.—No, I do not love absolutely; yet I think I do not hate him.—But then—oh my friend teach me to examine my heart: I am unacquainted with its motions; though I feel them. The foolish wanderer may deceive me, if I be not supported by the affectionate advice of a friend.—Advise me.

He pressed my hand the other night as he led me to my carriage, and whispered softly in my ear;—How happily, madam, have I spent this night in your company, of which I am suddenly deprived by the
avarice

avarice of stingy time. But one consolation is left me, that my dreams shall supply that reality, which I now lose the enjoyment of with such regret.—I pretended that I did not hear him, and so darted into the coach, before he could say any thing more. I wish—stop my tongue, what would you wish?—Oh, my Eloisa, it is impossible that I love.—Tell me what is it which makes me uneasy; for indeed I am so.—There is a pain in my heart, and I am become pensive.—Surely this cannot be love.—

I MUST leave off.—Visitors are come this morning, who are they?—The Count and the duke his brother, and a number of others.—I must go.—Excuse me, my charming friend.—Pity me, for I believe I stand in need of pity.—Adieu, adieu.

T. de CHAMONT.

P. S.

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P. S. What could the Count mean by his expressions?—I cannot conceive the meaning of them. Let me know what you think.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I HAVE at length lost my liberty, and
am bound by the filken bonds of love.
—But ten days ago I was as free as the
feathered inhabitant of the air, and now
am fixed, like the mariners needle, to
one particular point.

I HAVE seen my lovely Teresa's father,
the Marechal de ———. He received
me with uncommon affability. He is
very powerful in his party, and most vio-
lently attached to the calvinist cause.—
He told me, when I visited him, that he
would be heartily glad, if I could be
brought over to the same interest with my
brother, insinuating at the same time, of
how much more advantage to me it would
be, than the party which I followed.—
I kept my temper at this discourse, but
made

made no other reply, but a very grave nod.—You know I had to do with the imperious father of my lovely mistress.—

I AM now preparing to visit this enchantress of my heart.—May the god of love be propitious to me. I mean to discover my sentiments to her, if an opportunity will serve.—A thousand tumults, the offspring of hope and fear, rise in my bosom at this moment. What cowards beloved woman makes of us, when we have a favour to request, or our passion to make known!—I who have faced the fiery mouths of an hundred brazen canons with intrepidity, am now in a total dismay.—Courage my heart,—why dismayed?—Thou art not refused as yet.—How weak are we, my Valsain, to antedate trouble, when unsent for, it comes so speedily off its own accord. I think nothing can argue a man's weakness more.—By all that's sacred I will,—no, stay, I must acquire her affection if possible, and then I swear, Calvin and all his host shall
not

not keep me from enjoying the delight of my soul.

Excuse those wild fallies. They are the effects of an expecting mind.—I shall let you know my success with her in my next.

THERE are frequent private counsels held here in the King's apartments, and messengers passing backwards and forwards between this court and foreign powers.—Give me notice of every thing which passes in Paris.—The calvinists diffide very much in us.—Since the murder of the Duke of Guise, they do not think it safe to lay any confidence in a catholick.—They verify the fable of the countryman and the snake.—Oh! Marquis, if a civil war breaks out; how hopeless will be my love.—Let us keep it off.—The idea distracts me.—Farewell.

St. BLAISE.

C L E T.

LETTER IX.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to the Marchioness de FRAISE.

I WAS interrupted in my last by the coming in of company. I will now inform you of the result. But first let me thank you for your advice, and expatiate a little on your shrewd and arch opinion.

You tell me that the Count's soft whisper, as you term it, is nothing less than the manifestation of a growing passion.—That I am already convinced of.

WELL, so you tell me, that to be in doubt about the situation of one's heart, is a sure sign of a growing passion.—How cruel are you to tell me so.—Why did you not let me remain in ignorance about it.—Indeed, indeed you are naughty.—Heigh ho, bless me I find myself very, I know not what to call it, something
uneasy

uneasy and yet pleased.—And are you serious, when you advise me to encourage the addresses of the Count.—Surely you would not give me ill advice.—To be sure he is very amiable, but then there are obstacles insurmountable to me, which forbid my indulgence of such thoughts.—My heart is not at rest, I must confess to thee.—

THE Count, the Duke, his Duchess, Madame de St. Foix, and the Prince of ———, her old admirer, were in the drawing room waiting for me.—I trembled a little when I entered. I thought that the Count blushed.—But what do you think I did, after receiving the compliments of the day, I, as it were by instinct, for I knew not what I did, passed by several vacant seats, and placed myself in one next to the Count.—I never perceived the impropriety until it was irremediable.—Again, the Count caught hold of my hand, and gently pressing it, asked me how I liked the last masquerade,

for we had a most brilliant one last night.—I cannot tell what answer I made,—but I know that I forgot, or at least I had not power, to withdraw my hand.—I guess what you will say of this.—I may as well own to you, that I like the Count de St. Blaise.—But, take it for a certainty, that I never will give my hand to him or any papist, without the consent of my father.

A WALK in the royal forest was proposed.—We all set out. Each gentleman handed a lady out, and as it was not far from our hotel, we walked to it.—You may easily guess who accompanied me.—He said many soft things, and, would you believe it, he made me a declaration of his passion.—I did not treat him with that rigour which I ought on the occasion; but then I did not seem to encourage him much:—though I think I did a little.—Alas! my Eloisa, the sensibility which actuated him, the tenderness of his expressions, the delicacy of his sentiments,
in

in fine the whole man, disarmed the resentment which I should shew for so much freedom.—However, on the whole he had not too much cause to hope, or too much to despair.—Ought I not inform my father about it. I think I ought. Yet I will have patience, until I find whether he will persist in his professions.—I wish he did not.—Do you think I say so from my heart?—Indeed I cannot tell. One time I am glad that he should declare a passion for me; another time I wish he had not.—Perhaps he is not sincere.—What is it to me if he be not.—Surely I am indifferent.—Ah! did I not tell you already that the Count pleases me;—and why should I dissemble?—Alas! I do not. I am not acquainted with the motions of my heart, that is, I do not, as I said before, know their meaning.

HE said a great many things to me in the ardour of love, which indeed I have forgotten, and would have totally subdued my reserve, did not the rest of the com-

pany come up to us, as we had gotten as far as the grand cascade.—They had the cruelty to make me sing; and indeed it was cruelty; for the flurry the preceding tete a tete had thrown me into, gave me a difficulty in-breathing and a palpitation in my heart.—The Count was in raptures during the song; and really I was pleased at it, though I would rather have declined singing.

WE are to sup at the Duke's to-morrow night. After the supper we are to have a ball.—You may guess, with whom I am to dance.——I wish that I could frame some excuse, which might impede my going. I don't care to be taken so much notice of,—it gives so much subject of talk to the candid as well as censorious.—Now I wish at least that he would dance with some other lady of the court, and then there would be less envy; for you may depend upon it, that I am much envied on his account.—They have the malice to say, that I intend to turn papist
for

for his sake.—How cruel they are to say so! —Indeed I believe, that I must forbid him to make his visits so frequent.—My father suspects him, and hinted to me his suspicions.—I will tell him my mind at once.—Yet don't you think it cruel to deprive him of that satisfaction.—No reflection.—Reflection often marrs the best designs.—My duty's dictates must be followed.—Adieu, my dearest Marchioness, and believe to be your's sincerely,

T. de CHAMONT.

LETTER X.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

THIS day has been the happiest day
of my whole life.—Thou shalt hear
in what manner.

I WENT with my brother, his wife,
Madame de St. Foix, and the Prince of
——, to the Marechal's on a visit.—
He was not at home, but his lovely re-
presentative was.—That was enough for
me. —

WHILE we remained there I had the
inexpressible pleasure of being seated by
the side of the sweet angel.—I don't know
how it happened, but, by all that's just,
her presence for a time disconcerted me,
even to a blush.—I recovered myself, and
taking her lovely hand, what presump-
tion! I gently pressed it and asked her,
for

for form's sake, and scarce knowing what to say, how she liked the masquerade,—common place!—but how could I help it, my confusion was then but encreasing.—I took courage at this liberty, and drew from her an indirect condescension to my flame.

CIRCUMSTANCES were favourable, for a walk in the royal forest was proposed. We set out.—The Prince led the Duchess, the Duke Madame St. Foix, and I—oh! my friend, how shall my joy-exuberant tongue express the name—it was the lovely, charming de Chamont whose hand I was honoured with.

I WAS all extasy.—We, each couple, separated into different walks,—So much the better, you must think; and so do I too.—How charming is the weather, Madam.

VERY inviting for a walk, Sir.—

METHINKS the little queristers upon their different leafy stands, add much to the pleasure of the walk.

YES, little harmless things, they please our ears. —

AND are the only emblems of pure love.—How happy are they, that they have but to woo, and be successful.—Their love is grounded on truth and fidelity, and is blest with that success, which man in his inconstancy most commonly forfeits.

YOU seem to have had trials, Sir, perhaps you have been in love.

ALAS! Madam, I can't say I have been; but must own, that I now feel it's power in all it's rigour: with this difference; that I have not as yet essayed the severity of the remark, which I this moment made.

THEN

THEN you have the trial to make.

YES, Madam, I have, and hope from the gentleness and generous nature of the charming object, indulgence and favour as I shall merit.—— What need I disguise my tongue thus, (throwing myself at her feet) may not my presumption be forgiven, when I say that it is you, thou paragon of women, who has captivated my heart.—Yes, lovely Teresa, my heart,—my soul,—my very thoughts have been thine, from the instant I saw thee first.—Here I kneel as an humble suppliant, at least to be forgiven, for presuming to indulge a flame for such perfection.

DURING this latter part, she stood motionless, with her eyes cast on one side and towards the ground.—She did not attempt for a time to withdraw her hand, which I held clasped in both mine.—I perceived that though she did not seem much pleased or displeased, for a mixture
of

of complacency and indignation struggled in her radiant eyes. At length she recovered the surprize my declaration had thrown her into, and said :

PRAY, Sir, rise.—I must own that such a declaration I did not expect, much less it's unpardonable presumption ; I would be glad to know how you should presume to take such liberties with me as you have this day :—and, Sir, if you are desirous that I should pardon you now, you must never entertain me with such a discourse again.

SHE was for joining the rest of the company.—I entreated her to have pity on me, and not leave me so abruptly :—promised her, that I would so demean myself toward her, that she should never have cause to be offended at me in future.—I told her, that it would be cruel in her to be offended at my loving her ; for what I must love her, though I should incur her hatred by it. (I saw pleasure,
in

in-sight of her reserve, sparkle in her lovely eyes.) Am I presumptuous, think you, in supposing that I am not disagreeable, notwithstanding her apparent resentment, to so much excellence. — Believe me, her indignation was not natural. — I watched her countenance too closely to be deceived. — Do not, my friend, think me presumptuous. — I will hope for the best. —

I would have presumed further in my declarations, but for the appearance of our company.

CONFUSION! why did they not turn into some other alley.

WELL now let me ask you: have I not cause, from circumstances, to believe that I am not disagreeable to her. — Why did she not withdraw her hand, if she was offended with me? — Eh, — why did she not break from me as soon as I fell at her feet? Why, I say, did she not make her
resentment

resentment appear in a burst of indignation?—Because she was not so much displeased, as modesty, that damned bane of true happiness, would have her appear.—

IN fine, I will love her and shall leave no stone unturned to gain a return.

AT the coming up of the company, we all seated ourselves by the cascade.—The Duchefs requested a song from my charmer. We all joined in the request.—Sweet condescending creature, she gratified us;—and how!—to extatick raptures!—at least it was so with me.—Oh, what musick!—What heavenly harmony!—I was out of myself!—Methinks, I hear the divine sounds still sweetly dying on my ravished ear.

AFTER the song, we proceeded in our walk, pair by pair separately, though much, as I could perceive, contrary to my charmer's inclination.—I again renewed my former discourse, but with more caution

tion and reserve. I indirectly aimed at my point in view. It succeeded.—Plain dealing will not do with women, Marquis. They must be treated with contraries.

I FIRST gained a total absolution from my offence to her. — With what sweet condescension she gave it!—I then begged of her at least not to hate me. She told me that she could not hate any one, much less the Count de St. Blaise.—She blushed at this confession, and seemed by her confession, not to have recollected at first what she intended to say.—She would have corrected the expression:—but I was rather too smart for her, and catching her by her snowy hand, imprinted my thanks upon it with my trembling lips, for excess of joy made them tremble.

I WAS frantick with excess of bliss!—My grateful heart had not utterance enough from my tongue.—My situation gave her an opportunity to speak. You will not, I hope Sir, take advantage of
the

the openness of my heart, which is below disguise.—I must confess that it would be a breach of the ties of blood to hate one allied to me so closely as you are: yet, Sir, plume yourself not upon it, for I do hold you in no other consideration, than that of a kinsman, who might acquire my esteem as his conduct to her should deserve.

I CONJURED her at least, that she would permit me to love her.

SHE replied, that it was not in her power to obstruct it. That every person could place their affections as they pleased, and on whatever objects they pleased, without being in any wise accountable to them for it.

I ASKED her if it was not possible for me to gain a prepossession in my favour, provided her inclinations were not pre-engaged, and unless she had an absolute aversion to me.

SHE

SHE replied, that the will of her father was, and ever should be her will.

I ENTREATED her at least, not to indulge any dislike to me, I told her that my whole life should be devoted to her will, and that nothing but death should erase the tender impressions which she had inspired me with.

BELIEVE me Count, that I never, said she blushing, conceived or cherished an aversion for any one. —

TIME thought me too happy, and put an end to our discourse. — We joined our company, and proceeded back to the Marechal's, whence repaired to our different habitations to dress for the evening. — You must confess me happy, for I think myself so. — — Adieu.

De St. BLAISE.

L E T.

LETTER XI.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
St. BLAISE.

I AM at a loss what to think in your present circumstances. Whether to approve of this passion, or disapprove of it.

You know yourself as well as I, wherefore this uncertainty. Never did a flame appear to me attended with more difficulties; though love is, I own capable of surmounting as great.

You see, I am certain, how hard it will be to thee, though you do gain the ladies affection, to procure the fathers consent to your felicity. Think you, that he, strongly attached to the huguenot cause as he is, will ever give the heiress of his house to a papist, — to one, who is professedly the enemy of his religion
and

and interest!—There must be a miracle wrought in your favour, if he does.

On the other hand, what will your friends say or think, when they hear of this pre-possession in favour of a calvinist? Why, it must naturally follow, that they will believe that you are lost entirely to them, and will therefore renounce you.—A fine situation then will be your's.—Disappointed by those, in all probability, on whom you relied for the gratification of what you desire, and on the other hand, forsaken by those, whose cause, a cause notwithstanding, I am persuaded so dear to you, you betrayed, or at least receded from, for so unmanlike a view!—Excuse me the expression, I must call it unmanlike; for, should a love for any woman, so far influence you, as to desert what you should spill the last drop of your blood for?

I KNOW

I KNOW that you will be offended at me. — Your spirit cannot bear remonstrance against any thing your heart is set upon. But consider the cause, which urges me to speak and calls on you to reflect.

AN Emperor of the Turks, one, who of all the Ottomans, acquired the most glory of any who preceded, or came after him, contrary to the custom of the emperors, fixed his affections on one woman above the rest of his seraglio. His soul doated on her, and he was never happy but in her company. In fine, he neglects his glory, and neglects the very welfare of his dominions. His subjects perceived it, but durst not presume to remind him of his duty. At length, some of his ministers, impatient of their masters conduct, took the liberty, though at the risque of their lives, to remonstrate with him on it. He heard them out, and told them contrary to their expectations, that
he

he would consider of what they said to him.

IN some days afterwards he gave notice to the great officers of his court to assemble in council, where he would appear in person. They assembled on the appointed day. The Sultan made his appearance. The whole council sat in silent expectation of what was to ensue, when his highness spoke to this purpose or somewhat near it.

SINCE our accession to the Ottoman throne, we have given sufficient proofs of our capacity to rule a dominion and enlarge it by our valour. Who of your Sultans has done, more than we have done? Are you not by our means the terror of your enemies far and near? — And to what purpose? To be accused by you all of forfeiting my glory for, and spending my days in an indolent dalliance with, a woman.

HERE

HERE he stopt suddenly, and going into an inner apartment, led forth by one hand a most beautiful woman, and in the other held a drawn sabre.

THE eyes of the council were dazzled with the divine charms of this beautiful creature, while they sat trembling for what they were too sure would happen.

BEHOLD, continued he, the cause of your mutinying murmurs. — Speak, — is she not an object worthy of the tenderest love? (a soft murmur of approbation ran through the council,) — Very well. — Never man loved woman more than we have loved her. — Methinks your countenances seem to say, — no wonder! — But you say that we have forfeited our glory for her : now you shall see, that we can sacrifice this dear object of our love, to that very glory which you accuse us of neglecting for her.

AND

AND, saying this, he caught her by her flowing tresses, and severed her head from her body, to the no small terror of the council.

YOU see an eastern Monarch full of love and burning with desire, and born in a climate, which cherishes incontinence, prefer his glory to the gratification of his passion.—And what ought not one, born in a more temperate clime, do?—I cannot say that your case is immediately similar to this ; but then there is an example in it worthy to be followed even by a Christian. —

I FEAR that I shall pain you with remonstrance. I am urged to it by the interest which I take in your welfare.—I shall do my endeavours to smother all surmises about you at court: a small thing might estrange the good opinion of
the

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the King and Queen-mother from you.—
That you may be happy is the sincere
wish of,

VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to Madame
de FRAISE.

I HAVE offered myself a violence. My interest and duty are victorious over my love. This day the Count paid me a visit. I was not at home to him. He repeated his visit, and I ordered one of my maids to inform him, that it would be inconsistent with my duty to admit of his future visits, and prayed him by her, that he would not take my resolution ill.—My woman told me, that he received this information as if it were a clap of thunder, ready to annihilate him, and after many expostulations on my severity, departed in the greatest dejection.

I AM almost sorry for dismissing him so abruptly, and even wish that I was not so cruel.—I fear that it may affect him too
D much.

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much.—I am certain however, of incurring your displeasure for it.—I hope, after all, that he won't be put off by this.—You often have told me, that love grows stronger by opposition,—I wish that it may be so in this case; for indeed this severity of mine to the Count, increases my inclination towards him.

I wish that he was a calvinist.—Perhaps he might conform? If he did, I doubt not but he would get my father's consent. — Otherwise, he may as well expect to mount the king of Persia's throne, and pull his highness's mustachoe's with impunity.

WHAT shall I do?—My thoughts are thoughts of uncertainty?—What shall I resolve on?—Indeed, indeed, my Marchioness I am heart-sorry for my conduct to the Count.—But then, why should I be too condescending?—I will not. A too

easy,

easy, pliant heart, often extenuates the
ardour of it's admirer's flame. — —

• Excuse and pity your poor friend, &c.

T. de CHAMONT.

D 2 LET

LETTER XIII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I AM one of the most unfortunate fellows under the canopy of heaven! — despised, — rejected, am I! — Why did I venture a declaration of my passion so soon.—I was rash, — too precipitate, that's all.—I merited it for my presumption : for it was presumption indeed.

Excuse my frenzy, dear Marquis, I cannot, for the life of me, help it. You will pity me when you know the cause, and thou shalt know it now.

How presumptuous was my hope, but three days ago! and this day but to the cause.—— Yesterday I went on a visit to the Marechal's, and requested the honour of seeing Mademoiselle, but how
great

great was my astonishment, when, instead of getting admittance, I got this extraordinary verbal dismissal from one of her maids.—My lady orders me to let you know, that it would be inconsistent with her duty to admit your future visits, and prayed you, by me, that you would not take her resolution ill.

DID you ever hear more. — I went again, but she was not at home this day either, that is to say, she was at home but not to me.—I wonder how people of condition can so barefacedly tell lies, and be the occasion also of their servants falling into the same faults.

I REMEMBER about two years ago, I paid a visit, with an intent to dine, in the country, with a certain rich miser of quality; I was on the borrowing scheme, or else I should not have done him the honour. On my arrival at his house, I was accosted by a very shabby laquay, who had the barefacedness to tell me his

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master was not at home. Now, it was remarkable, that this nobleman was always at home except at dinner hours.— I perceived therefore the fellows drift. I alighted from my horse, and threatened him with a horse whipping if he did not tell me truth. The lacquay terrified out of his life, told me, that his master bad him tell every one, that he was not at home always about that hour. Forthwith I entered the house, and abruptly opening the door of the miser's usual apartment, found him, to his apparent chagrin, at a very temperate and scanty meal.

Now, Marquis, I think that your reasons and advice in your last begins to have some weight with me.— My time of absence is almost expired, and I will set out before the end of it. But stay, perhaps I am too hasty.—It may be a female device to try me.—I will not give up the prize so easily.—The reward for what trouble I may be at, is worth meriting.

Now

Now I think on it, I will not leave this yet. I will write to her, and if that will not do, I will haunt her as a ghost.—I will be a huguenot; I will be any thing for her.—— Sacrifice your interest to a woman, methinks you say?—Yes, that I will.—I cannot, I tell thee, live without her.——

THESE spies, whom the Queen-mother has sent after me, are constantly at my heels, I find. But depend upon it, I shall outwit them.

You will excuse me, my friend, for believe me, this damned blind puppy has taken such possession of my heart, that I can scarce bestow a thought on any thing but love, Terefa, and scarcely him, who should ever possess a share in the heart of,

St. BLAISE.

LETTER XIV.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to Madame
de FRAISE.

HOW agreeably have I been surprized this morning on my awaking from a most disagreeable dream, which was interrupted by the terror, which a vision of disappointed love occasioned. I found a letter on my pillow directed to me. I opened it, and who do you think it came from?—Why from the Count.—He had the assurance to write to me. I shall forgive him this fault, because it gave me pleasure.

Don't you think that I have acted right in forbidding his visits to me? I knew, that if he really loved me, he would not desist so readily.

Is.

Is not my conduct blameable? I am sure it is.—I ought not to receive letters or carry on clandestine correspondence without the knowledge of my father. I shan't shew this letter to him; but if he writes another, I will positively give it into his hands; though I almost guess the consequence.

MADAME du Plés approves of the Count's liking for me. I cannot devine her cause. Surely she, who is a stedfast adherent to the protestant cause, must have some view in this her approbation.—I do believe, for my part, that if a man loves his mistress sincerely, he would espouse any thing for her, even at the risque of his life or renunciation of his religion. This last point I would not approve of, for we should renounce our religious principles, only upon conviction of their errors. I would be sorry that the Count would be so weak.—Nothing could

D 5

lessen.

lessen him more in my good opinion.— If du Plés can give me sufficient reasons for her approbation, it will give me infinite comfort. She is very much attached to me, primarily on account of my good mother, who loved her dearly, and now, as I can find, on my own account. I ought to pay a deference to the voice of this woman, as to that of an oracle: for my mother on her death bed called her to her, and putting my hand in her's, (du Plés) accept the care of this my dearest treasure, for whom alone I could leave this world with regret. — Guard her, watch her steps, and let them tread in the steady paths of virtue.—She is dear to me as the apple of mine eye, and be her so to you, for my sake. Ever since I never had cause to regret the loss of my mother.

You are very dilatory in writing to me, I wish that you would be more frequent in

in your answers, or else you shall be tantalized with the daily nonsense of your faithful,

T. de CHAMONT.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

A MORE favourable wind swells my sails, and promises at length to bring me safely into harbour.—Now fair gales spread my hopes!

KNOW, Marquis, that thy friend has found a cordial to his heart, sweeter than the drops of Hybla, and far more balsamick than the most salutiferous potion.

TAKE the whole in gross.

I WROTE a letter, and a letter to my haughty empress to no purpose. No answer, no hopes! I remained in a distracted situation for the space of four days.—My patience was quite wearied. I resolved twenty times with myself, to
set

set out for Paris. I was bidding an eternal adieu to the darling of my soul, and give my passion to the wind. But my resolutions failed me, and I twenty times changed my mind. Thus situated, I, on the morning of the fourth day, received a billet from Madam du Plés, Teresa's governess and confidante. What can this mean, thought I to myself, as I broke open the seal.—This I found it to be.

“ Sir,

If you be desirous of hearing somewhat to your satisfaction, you'll meet me in the royal forest, at seven of the clock this evening. I am your's, &c.

Agnes du Plés.”

EXPRESSION has not strength enough to describe my rapture on reading this!—A thousand pleasing ideas successively played on my fancy!—I whistled, sung, danced, walked, started!—In fine, I was extatically mad!—Every moment until the appointed

appointed hour came was an age, yet that every age was pleasingly painful.

AT seven of the clock I repaired to the rendezvous.—I was there before the time, but not long alone, for I was shortly after joined by Madam du Plés. I stood at awful distance on sight of her, and reverentially bowed to her, as to my good angel, ready to announce to me the words of sweet comfort.

My old age will screen me from any imputation of indiscretion, Sir, I hope; which mankind are but too ready to bestow on the smallest appearances: but now I defy what the world can say.—Indeed I must own that were I forty years younger, I would not venture to give you a meeting.

THE respectable idea, Madam, replied I, which old age carries with it, will ever be it's own protection; especially, when prudence and good sense, which all allow

to

to be your known properties, are it's attendants.—Ah! Sir, no more:—I find this moment, that flattery is inseparably pleasing to our sex, even in old age.—But this is not what I am come about,—Madamoiselle de Chamont has informed me, that you have sent her two letters at different times, in which you make love to her. You are certain that it is inconsistent with a young lady, of her rank especially, to receive letters or carry on clandestine intrigues without the knowledge and concurrence of her parents or guardians; and indeed she would have delivered your letters to her father, had I not foreseen the consequences which might follow, no way favourable to you. You likewise know what obstacles put her off of her design.

STAND between your love and it's gratification; what now, I would willingly know, do you mean?—Can you love without hope of return? Or are you desirous of having the means to gain the good opinion

opinion of the lady, and perhaps of procuring the countenance of her friends by some required condescensions?

I WAS quite unmanned with trepidation while she spoke.—Name the condescensions—exclaimed I ;—Put me in the way of meriting her favour!—I will do every thing, good lady—I will be any thing!—Name your conditions! Ease my love-sick heart at once, for my happiness depends on the conduct of that angel of a woman towards me!—Name, dear madam, name your conditions! I repeated again, almost overcome with impatience.

BE patient, Sir.—Our wishes cannot be so easily accomplished!—Things must have their proper course; and we must bear delays without repining.

I PREMISE, that upon my honour, Mademoiselle de Chamont knows not of this meeting, which I now give you: and that it is merely in consideration of the
esteem

esteem which I have for your family, and in pity to your situation, presuming that, by my advice, and my influence over the lady, I may be of some service to you.

I THANKED her from my soul, and would have fallen on my knees to worship her, did I not look upon the wrinkles of her visage.

THERE is scarce any credit to be given to a young man, when passion and desire dictate his promises, continued she:—On cool reflection they are broken and are thought of no more!—Now, if I name conditions to you, whereby you are to succeed in your love, they must be under the sanction of more firm ties than wordy promises.

I WILL sign my hand to whatever articles you shall subscribe!—

RENOUNCE the popish party, cried she suddenly, and join with us. As to your change

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change of religion, we will not insist upon it; for we detest a religious apostate, unless his views proceed from conviction and not worldly interest.—Behold the total of our request.

WHAT could I do, my friend; I did consent, though I know, that you will hardly forgive me.—What will not one do, when a beloved object is on the point of being lost to one for ever!—I would act as Mark Anthony did, were my case as bad as his! I would, like him, give up my glory to the ambitious victor, and doat upon my favourite ruin!—Farewell to love of country or friends, when love of woman rules the heart. Say what dull fates will, woman was born to govern man!—What could Coriolanus do at sight of the Roman ladies tears? What influence had not the daughter of Darius, his hated foe, on the heart of Alexander?—

You must excuse me, for I have many precedents.

I WOULD

I WOULD not send off this letter to you until the whole of this affair was concluded.—I have signed this very morning an agreement, whereby, I am to take part in the Calvinist disputes, provided a war breaks out; and in return, I have permission to pay my addresses to the lovely authorefs of my desertion.—I visited her shortly after I had signed the agreement.—She received me with the utmost affability, when I told her, that my visit was by consent of her father.—My conversation with her was tender, amorous and submissive; her's, sweet, good-natured and condescending.—I even got her to own that she did like me, and approve of my addresses, and at my parting from her, she gave me liberty to visit her as often as it pleased me, and was convenient and agreeable to her.

ON the whole I am blameable in your eyes, and will be in those of my former allies.—I see the justness of your disapprobation,

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probation, though I cannot help it.—Ah! Marquis, put yourself in my situation, and see what you would do!—Suppose the object as lovely as the one who influences me:—suppose the circumstances the same, and then how great would be your struggle.

If you have remaining in your breast one spark of your former friendship alive, serve me so far as to let me know whether my renunciation be made known at court yet.—As to my spies here, I manage them tolerably well. I have their confidence, and that throws them off their guard. The reason of this my caution is, that I must make a journey to Paris in a few days to settle my affairs, and gain over the inclinations of my regiment in favour of the cause, which I have now espoused.

As soon as I receive one letter from you, I will prepare for Paris.—I pray you, inform me, what they think of my exceeding the allotted time.—They cannot
be

be greatly alarmed at a months absence,
—only a fortnight overplus! — If they
thought as I think, they would imagine
that time,—but as yesterday! — answer
this on receipt, I pray you. — Oh, be
tender in your reproaches! Adieu, my
dear friend. Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET.

LETTER XVI.

Madamoiselle de CHAMONT to Madame
de FRAISE.

I HAVE found out, my dear Marchioness, Madame du Plés's reasons for approving of the Count's liking for me. I have also found out, that by her means and prudence, the Count is brought over to our side. He is secured to us by articles, which he signed in presence of my father and the Duke his brother; in return for this, he has gotten liberty to pay his addressees to a certain person.—Well, after he had finished his agreement with my father and the Duke, he ran to the apartments of a certain person, almost distracted with joy. He fell on his knees to her, and poured forth the ardour of his soul!—Indeed, I believe that he is very much in love, and very sincere!—What need I conceal it from you?—I must own that I love him, and that he
steals

steals more and more on my heart.—He is very handsome and very amiable!—I gave him all the encouragement that decency allowed, and even gave him liberty to visit me.—He was all extacy and rapture! Indeed his behaviour and situation pleased me not a little. What think you he did when he was going away? why he snatched my hand and kissed it;—a liberty never before taken by any one!—Well, I forgave him, though he made me blush and tremble, notwithstanding my attempts to disguise my confusion!

He will set out for Paris in a week's time, to settle his affairs, in consequence of his new alliance.—The Queen-mother, I find has sent spies after him, to inspect his conduct. He has baffled their address.—I hope he will get safe back to us again. If it were known to the court at Paris, that he has joined with us, the consequence would be very fatal.—I tremble for him.

METHINKS

METHINKS you smile at the interest I take in his welfare.—Believe me I can't help it, he begins to enhance his own value with me every hour. He does it without my perceiving it—I do confess, that the time will sit very heavy on me in his absence, until I be assured of his safety, or see him returned.—I would not be glad that he knew of what importance he is to my quiet.—That would give him too much confidence: confidence would begot liberty; and liberty often cools the warmest love.—To keep our dominion over the heart of man, we should give to them sufficient hope, and let them have it's gratification only at distant view.—This keeps the flames of love on fire.—Pliant love is soon despised, but love surrounded with difficulties is panted after;—though hope be ever so far off.

You

You will call me a great love casuist.—
 You need not. My knowledge proceeds
 merely from the reflection on the conduct
 of persons, in whom France has ever
 abounded.—Love seems to be the food of
 us French: from our cradles we are sus-
 ceptible of it. You know, my Marchio-
 ness, the reason better than I, therefore I
 leave you to discuss it. Adieu.

DeCHAMONT.

E

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
St. BLAISE.

IT is, in vain to recriminate when the deed is past retrieving: a deed, which cost so little remorse in doing, but may be productive of a thousand ills!—I pray God forbid.—No more of this.

IF you have any regard for your own safety, delay not a moment your intended journey.—The whole city is in commotion. The Huguenot commissioners have set out for Bearne.—There is an immediate muster to be of all the forces. Dispatches are sent off to all the absent nobles to repair to court:—You will receive one too, I suppose. In fine, all things wear the face of civil war.—

YESTER-

YESTERDAY the King and Queen-mother, by seemingly indirect means, examined me concerning you.—I evaded as well as I could : told them, that I was confident your attachment to them was sincere, and the like.—How cruel is it, Charles, that the indiscretion of a man, must oblige his friend to counterfeit, nay more, tell lies on his account.—If the civil war breaks out, I am determined to throw up my commission : that I may not be obliged to fight against the man, who, in spite of his conduct, ingrosses my warmest esteem.—What do I not for thee! and yet to no purpose ; for I cannot now be serviceable to thee.

HURRY your departure, I say again,—for half an hour now lost, may be your destruction.—I pray you, take it not ill, that I do not appear in publick with you in Paris ; for, when your apostacy be known, I might be suspected of coincid-

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ing with you, and then the consequence following——but no more.—Haste, I pray thee. Adieu.

De VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to Madame
de FRAISE.

HE is gone! my dear Marchioness,
and all my joys are fled with him!
—This morning exactly at four of the
clock, as I am told, was the cruel time!
You see how exact, in every circumstance
relating to our best beloved, we enamo-
ratos are!

He came yesterday evening to our hotel.
—He appeared dejected.—I asked him if
he was well. — He sighed, and after a
short pause, told me, the cruel necessity,
as he termed it, which he was under of
leaving me for some days;—and adding,
it would be an alleviation to his chagrin,
to hope, that I would at least spend one
thought in the day upon him, who, he
said, could not exist, if any other idea,

except that of me, intruded itself but for half a moment on his mind.

I DID not expect that he would go so soon, and the suddenness of his resolution had such an effect on my spirits, that I lost all the fortitude, which you have often praised in me.—I grew pale and motionless, and was obliged to loll back on my chair to support me.—He perceived it, and I could find, with some pleasure, he ran over to my assistance, caught me in his arms, and cried out, what can so suddenly affect thee my charmer.—I answered, to disguise the cause, as well as I could speak, that it was a weakness on the nerves, to which I was sometimes subject.—The pleasure which I saw, notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal it, in his countenance, convinced me, that he knew full well it proceeded not from that cause.

I WAS

I WAS vexed with myself, to find myself betrayed; and as soon as I recovered my strength, I shewed resentment for the liberty he took in catching me in his arms.—I strove to manifest it by severity of speech; but alas! Love triumphed over my anger.—I scarce had spoken three words, when the too amiable delinquent appeared on his knees, to sue for pardon!—How could I refuse it to him, in that humiliating posture!

WELL, I find that, when love once takes possession of a female heart, all other passions are laid asleep; unless sometimes pity, the rock on which we all split, or revenge for flighted love, which unfortunately too often influences us, awakes.

HE told me, that he was, for cogent reasons, to set off next morning for Paris, and entreated me to allow him to write to me.—I, after some few objections, granted him his suit.—How his joy-

indicating eyes sparkled at this concession of mine. — Heaven shower on you, cried he, catching hold of my hand and embracing it, repeated blessings. Oh! that my tongue had eloquence enough to paint the movements of my grateful heart for so much undeserved goodness; I would never cease from the sweet employ of proclaiming my tender ardent love, and your unspeakable indulgence! — You are too kind my angel, cease to be so, or else cease to be so beautiful; — but ah, why do I say it, you must—you cannot be otherwise!

I HAD much ado to conceal the satisfaction which these fine things gave me.— Say what we will, the best and finest of us, are pleased with such speeches from, not only those whom we like, but every man who shall offer them to us.

I INTERRUPTED him in his extatick career, and told him that such fine words had very little efficacy, an arrant falsehood with

with me, and that I expected that he would desist from such a language, which bore the face of flattery, and which was made use of by every one indiscriminately, according to his views on the weaker sex.—I further added, that I did not put him in the number of these last; but yet requested of him to remember what I before told him:—that on his future conduct should depend his success with me.

THIS was a spirited reply, don't you think.—Yes, and I think so too; but however, I cou'd not have held out longer, had he persisted in his soft persuasives.—He was more obedient than I expected, for he rested content with the liberties I allowed, except that he was in the humble expectation, as he called it, of my answering his letter.—I did not absolutely refuse him, and yet I did not give him all the hope in the world; so he parted from me the most happy, and I the most——most, what now?—not unhappy, I am sure!—no ve-

rily;—but sorry, uneasy at an absence of so long a time:—a space of five days or more!—five ages or more to lovers!—He could not keep his joy within bounds, I was so very kind to him! But his joy was soon changed to mourning when he was about to say farewell!—Oh, how tenderly the dear youth looked on me as he repeated that cruel word. —I pitied and lov'd him in a breath! —What constancy he vowed! —but I will dwell no more on this subject until his return. —Adieu, my lovely friend,

De CHAMONT.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Count St. BLAISE to the Marquis de
VALSAIN.

Paris.

GONE from Paris but a few hours before I entered it! not only wretched by a separation from the mistress of my soul, but additionally so, by being disappointed of the conversation of the friend of my bosom!—How I longed to disburthen my heart to you! the pleasure of seeing you was the only comfort I could derive from my present situation! How many things had I to tell you! What resolutions for future schemes had I not to propose to you, for your friendly advice and concurrence!—Alas! how disappointed.—But we must be content! The things which we set our hearts most upon, are those which we most commonly never accomplish or enjoy! It is a plain manifestation of the instability of sublunary bliss, and the imperfection of
the

the most perfect, if I may say it, designs of the human mind.

How happens it Valsain, that I should moralize? , who have been brought up in the bustling croud of a camp and a dissipated court, where reflection at its birth, is drowned in the oceans of uproar and intrigue. Let my nature have its course. I will talk of love, of its very queen, of all the graces which the Cestus of Venus can endow! of all the heavenly virtues capable of being centered in a human mind! Infine—of my success!—I have succeeded, my friend, as far as my present wishes could aspire to! I am not disagreeable to the charming Teresa. She betrayed her heart to me, tho' without the concurrence of her will, on my taking leave of her in consequence of my departure. — Her trouble and confusion were apparent. I could perceive the situation of her heart vermillioned on her face. Her whole conduct in that critical time, confirmed me in
my

my happiness.—I was on the point of profiting by her situation, to draw from her the dear confession—but she unluckily for me, recovered her spirits, and treated me with that dignity mixed with complaisance, which is only peculiar to herself.—I have obtained the happiness of a correspondence with her; that same bespeaks something in my favour. It is as far as I could expect to proceed for the time. To gain a female heart, we must act with the greatest caution, and very often, as we do a town impregnable by fair storm, take it by stratagem. My future conduct she tells me, shall direct her's toward me. Divine creature! my conduct shall be all love, all devotion to her—entirely formed to please her.

BUT tell me, Valsain, what unforeseen affair could urge thee from Paris so suddenly?—Something very extraordinary I am persuaded. Inform me immediately
of

of the cause. I will not be happy until I hear from you.

I AM already ordered by the king to join my regiment. I will, but to what purpose thou mayest easily guess. Indirect hints have been cast at me by the queen-mother, concerning my expedition to Bearn. They could not amount to insults, therefore I kept prudence in view.—I find a coolness among them, and it shall encrease e'er it grows less.—Love, love is the mighty Agent. Love can break through the greatest difficulties, and dissolve the strictest alliances. To his omnipotence I submit, and for my future fate most devoutly on him rely. Just going to the Louvre.—Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

• L E T •

LETTER XX.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the C. de St.
BLAISE.

IT grieves me not a little that I had not the pleasure of seeing thee, my friend, before I left town; but the cause which forced me away, was and is so very urgent and necessary to my peace, that I could not delay setting off in consequence of an express from my brother the Duc de ———: My honour and his, with the reputation of his Duchess is particularly concerned. My mind has, since I came hither, been in the greatest distress and perturbation, and as yet no apparent hope of an allay from them. — My sister, Charles, my vile unthinking sister has destroyed my honour, her Lord's, and what is still worse her own. — She is accused of being faithless to his bed. — The proofs against her appear undeniable, and still as a brother, I fondly believe

believe her guiltless of the crime with which she is charged.

You know that she ever was of a gay, volatile disposition, fond of pleasure and society, of too sprightly a turn of mind for one of the Duc's graver cast.—Would that they had never been united! He is fond of solitude; she of the gay world; he suspicious and watchful of his honour; and she fond of listening to every one who makes love to her. — These opposites have jarred, as they according to the course of things should, and made, I fear, an irremediable breach between them:

HER conduct since her marriage, became more unreserved. She foolishly imagined that the name of wife, should screen her from the tongue of slander, and allow her to bask in the sunshine of gallantry. The Duc for a long time bore with her very patiently, until some uncharitably charitable friends, if such be called friends, who add

to our unhappiness by insinuations, whether true or false, had suggested to him that his Duchefs had admitted of familiarities from the Chevalier de ———, which gave the world reason to believe, that they carried in them more than common gallantry. His soul took the alarm, and in a fit of jealousy and rage, hurried her from court down to his seat near Orleans.

THEY were about two months in the country, and lived as people should live in such circumstances, the Duc mad with jealousy and his mind fraught with the bitterness of invective and reproach against his false wife, and she eat up with chagrin, disappointment and solitude, when one morning the Duc went into the garden and by chance happening to turn into the alley, which the Duchefs ordinarily made use of in her morning's walk, he to his unspeakable surprize beheld the Chevalier prostrate at the feet of the Duchefs and holding her by the skirt of her gown, whilst

whilst she was endeavouring to free herself from him. He in the first impulse of rage drew his sword, and running with all the force that jealousy could bestow, thrust it through the Chevalier's body, and dragged her half dead into the house, where he closely confined her and instantly wrote to me to set out immediately on receipt of his letter. In this situation, my friend, did I find this unhappy couple on my arrival: what will be the event I know not.

THE Chevalier's recovery is doubted of, my sister's character irrecoverably lost, and the unhappy Duc tortured with jealousy, revenge and love.

NOTWITHSTANDING these circumstances against her, I yet am half of opinion that she is not so guilty as she appears to be. --- I believe her to be more weak than wicked. --- But then the Chevalier's being found with her in the garden and in that posture, damps my hopes. --- I know that
this

this subject wearies your patience, my Charles, but as you insisted on knowing the cause of my departure, I have obeyed you, and persuaded that you would be glad to hear of all my concerns, I shall inform you what catastrophe this unhappy affair shall have. Adieu.

VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Count de ST. BLAISE to Mademoiselle de
CHAMONT.

I AM at length arrived in Paris in appearance, but my better self I have left behind in the possession of the most charming of her sex.

How shall I repay this thy indulgence in allowing me to write to thee, my lovely Teresa? Was it not kind in thee?—How could I support myself in this cruel absence, if thou had'st not blest me with this privilege?—I could not bear it.

WHEN I think on you, I think with rapture; but when I write, I am all ecstasy:—Oh could'st thou but read my heart, you would not hesitate to say you love me. — Stay, my pen, nor dare offend my fair one's delicacy. — Why should you love, even though my love for thee were doubly ardent.

ardent. My merit is insufficient to deserve so much perfection!—But if the most constant attention to please, an implicit obedience to your will, and a faithful tender heart can have any weight with you, I have vanity enough to think that I may be the happy man. — Am I, lovely Teresa, presumptuous in thinking so? Do not condemn my flattering hopes. I would die rather than offend thee. Allow me to feed myself with hope: It is the only comfort left me, now absent from you.

I AM resolved to break with this court, and shall as soon as opportunity will allow, fly hence to the presence of my lovely mistress and prostrate on my knees, drink large draughts of love from her all powerful eyes.

I SHALL become an apostate to my cause, not through policy or for interest, but an apostate to the shrine of love. — Nor can the world blame me when they hear the reason.—Thy charms are irresistible!

able! No one can behold thee without admiration! Thy own sex allow thee to be beautiful, and therefore, thou can'st not think me guilty of flattery.—I would pull the tongue from my mouth, if I thought it uttered ought but what my heart dictated. ———

OH think favourably of thy servant, condescend to spend one thought in the day on him. Think how he loves, and that will move thee to think of him, who can harbour in his breast no other thought but what is spent on thee. Adieu, adieu.

ST. BLAISE.

LET.

• LETTER XXII

Madamoifelle de CHAMONT to the Marchionefs de FRAISE.

I SEND you, my dear Marchionefs, a copy of Monsieur de St. Blaise's letter to me, by which you may judge of his sentiments, and advise me in consequence how to act.

He has the talent of flattery to a high degree, I find, yet uses it with a great delicacy. — It is a poison which in taste is sweet, but in its consequence may prove very fatal. — We should beware how we receive it. — Methinks that it is an insult to our understanding to admit of compliments and titles, which we know that we do not merit. — How can I bring myself to believe that I am an Angel, a Goddess or the like, when I am daily liable to, and
even

even suffer the infirmities incident to this transitory life.

THEY tell me I am handsome, and I know that I am; but shall I attribute that to myself, which the great disposer of all things conferred on me, as a trifling copy of his own incomprehensible beauty; to give an idea of his own perfection, and to shew us how infinitely superior to our weak notions of bliss, is that which he has provided for his elect.—Positively I would rather that the Count would plainly tell me—I love you—than to take so court-like a round about to tell me so.—I would be inclined to believe him the sooner for his openness; but we must give allowance for custom, and as it is the custom to dress up the thoughts and inclinations with flattery, why should Monsieur de St. Blaise be particular.

I TELL

I TELL you sincerely, my lovely friend, and why should I disguise my thoughts to you, that I have a favourable opinion of the Count, even an inclination for him; yet, I would not indulge it without thy advice. Advise me, therefore, how to conduct myself on the occasion. Don't you think that I am to blame for concealing the affair from my father?—What will he think when he hears that his daughter, his only beloved daughter, conceals from him what he should be informed of the first—I tremble at the reflection—He shall, he must know it, while I can call myself mistress of my own will.—I perceive my own weakness, and shall endeavour to oppose my inclinations and stifle every tender sentiment for him, before my liberty be lost irrecoverably, and until I find whether I can indulge them with safety or not.

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WRITE

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WRITE to me immediately; I long to have your opinion: I shall not take a step in it until I hear from you. Adieu.

T. de CHAMONT.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Marquis de VALSAIN, to the Count de
ST. BLAISE.

THE catastrophe has turned out most happily; she is innocent though not undeserving of reproach, and her reformation has been effected also in the most extraordinary manner, by an invention of the Duke.

THE Chevalier on receiving the wound was conveyed to a neighbouring village, where he had left his servants.—Speedy assistance was had, and in a day or two after I had written my last to you, the physicians reported that he was out of danger, which was chiefly confirmed by a letter from him written with his own hand. How agreeably were we surprised, when on opening the letter we found its contents much to this purport; that his connections with the Duchess were nothing more on

her side, than what resulted from an outward cursory gallantry: That on his part he did solicit her to infidelity, but was repulsed by her with all the resentment and powers of conscious virtue: That his design for coming to the Chateau de ———, was only to ask her forgiveness for the injurious reports spread abroad about her on his account, and to clear her character with the Duke: That it was for this reason he sought an opportunity of first seeing her alone, which he effected, and was caught by the Duke unfortunately in the posture before mentioned: And, that he was willing to prove what he asserted, as soon as his wound was healed.

THIS discovery was to us as water is to a traveller in the burning plains of Arabia—The Duke's countenance cleared up, and the fixed melancholy which possessed him, disappeared on a sudden. After he had read the letter—If it be true, he said, our happiness, my brother, is compleat.—Oh! with what face shall I dare

to

to appear in the presence of my injured, dear injured wife; she has given cause for suspicion and strongly too, but should I not have balanced every circumstance more minutely, before I gave into it. However, it may be dangerous to act the delinquent on the occasion; I will form some scheme to cure her if possible, of her predominant passion for gallantry.

He begged me at the same time, not to give my sister any information of the affair, until he had seen her himself.

In about three hours after this, as I was sitting in the Duke's study, the door flew open, and who should I see enter but the Duke and Duchess arm in arm—my astonishment was great, and greater my joy, when the Duke cried out—she is innocent, her soul is clear from any stain, receive thy sister to thy bosom; she is worthy thee and worthy me—her mouth, when she thought herself on the verge of eternity,

has declared to me her innocence, and confessed her foibles!

I WAS all amazement at these words, which appeared mysteries to me; I requested to know what he meant by her thinking herself on the verge of eternity—he readily complied and thus it was.

As soon as he had quitted me he went into his cabinet, which he calls his laboratory, for he is a skillful Chymist and prepared a potion of a stupifying virtue, which had all the effects of a slow poison, yet very salutiferous: He put it into a silver bowl, and with a poignard in one hand and the bowl in the other, he went to the Duchess's apartments.

It is more easily felt than described how great was her terror at seeing the Duke enter thus accoutred—she sat motionless with her eyes fixed with a horrid glare on him; he approached her, and after he had laid the poignard and cup on
an

an adjacent table, seated himself close by her and spoke thus to her.

YOUR conduct, madam, hitherto, has been so derogatory from the rules which virtue prescribes to your sex in particular, that it calls aloud for speedy punishment, not only to make you an example and terror to the rest of your sex, but also to satisfy my injured honour;—in a word, you must die;—Die! said she, falteringly;—yes, die! there is no other resource, and by it I shall rid the world of a monster—a disgrace to human nature: I shall grant you one indulgence, which is—to choose either to die by this poignard or this cup. ———

SHE hesitated—no hesitation, cried he, my resolve is irrevocable; make your choice this instant:—Then if I must die, said she, with a firmness which had like to unman the Duke, let me die by poison.—She then raised her hands and eyes up

to heaven in silence, and taking hold of the bowl, drank off it's contents without the least appearance of disgust.— Now it's done, continued she, looking at him complacently, and the only favour I request of you is, “to leave me, that I may ask forgiveness of God and prepare myself to die in peace.” The duke retired not so much to indulge her, as to stifle the tender emotions of his soul, which were about to make their appearance on his countenance.

IN about an hour afterwards, a messenger came from the Duchefs to him, to let him know that she earnestly requested to see him.

HE flew to her and found her in the languishing situation, which he expected the potion would produce; her appearance melted him, and he could not restrain his tears.

You weep, my Lord, said she, looking at him tenderly, but surely it cannot be for
for

for me; if it be—it is you who have been the cause of my present situation, and for it are to blame; but oh! how much am I to blame for my past conduct—I have urged you to this deed, and though you have been the instrument, I alone must answer for the consequence; I was wrong, therefore, to say you are to blame; 'tis I, only I, who ought to suffer;—forgive me, gracious Heaven, and inspire my injured Lord to forgive me!—No, my Lord, though I have been gay, thoughtless, and more fond of pleasure than careful of my good name, I am innocent of any allegation prejudicial to your honour; I never harboured a thought to injure you; but I vainly imagined that conscious innocence was proof enough against the tongue of slander: This was the rock on which I split, and in this am I only to blame:—Farewell, my Lord, and now that the cause of your misery is near being removed, may you enjoy unremitting happiness.

THE Duke could contain himself no longer; he caught her in his arms and cried out, thou mayest still live my injured lovely wife, you have not taken poison, it was but a scheme to cure you of your few remaining foibles; you may still live to make yourself and me happy: Can you forgive me—I shall never more suspect you, thou art purity itself—what you have been guilty of, I am to blame for—I did not direct your youthful steps as it became your guardian and protector; I let you run giddily on from amusement to amusement, and from company to company, without pointing out the rocks and quicksands you ought to shun, when you first launched out into the seas of unthinkingness and dissipation;—but let all past be drowned in oblivion.

HE pulled from his pocket a vial, which he applied to her mouth—swallow, continued he, a few drops of this restorative,

tive, and you'll find that your spirits will instantly revive. — She obeyed, and in a few moments her complexion was restored to her, and her usual vivacity returned.

SHE made solemn promises of conducting herself more properly for the future, and he swore eternal love to her in return.

IN this mood they went in search of me, and found me in the study as I said before. — My joy can be easier felt than described; — I paid them my compliments on their happy reunion, and they received them with an acknowledgment suited to their happy situation. — Every thing and every one here wears a face of pleasure and content. — The Duke was to see the Chevalier, who is to be removed hither for the greater convenience of his cure, and afterwards to spend some time with them.

I AM

I AM also so unhappy as to tell you, that I am obliged to remain some time longer in compliance with the Duke and Duchess's earnest request; but believe me, that though either extremity of the pole should divide us, I shall ever be thy friend, farewell.

VALSAIN.

LET

LETTER XXIV.

Madamoiselle de FRAISE to Madamoiselle
de CHAMONT.

HOW agreeably surprized was I to receive a letter from my charming friend, when I least expected it: You are unkind in not conferring such favours on me much oftener than you do; but pardon me — I should recollect that love can break through the firmest bonds of friendship, when in competition with the favourite object. I am by no means surprized at it.

It is a generous gentle passion, and the breast which is not susceptible of it, can hardly possess any social virtue. — It melts the most savage heart to pity, mollifies the ruder passions, gives a more noble turn to the ideas, and is alone capable of humanizing

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manizing the whole man, and forming the fine gentleman.

I WOULD always encourage it provided that it has a worthy object—thine is a worthy one, and I advise you to encourage it in prudence.—I will allow that love has its bitters; but, compared to its sweets, are supportable, though as,

“Crimson leaves the rose adorn;

“But beneath them lurks a thorn:

“Fair and flow’ry is the break,

“Yet it hides the ’vengeful snake.”

Some have by experience found, that the anxieties attending love have been so intolerable, that all the hereafter rewards for constancy and perseverance, have not been sufficient to make a mends.

LET not this though terrify you, the obstacles to your wishes are not so great
but

but they can easily be surmounted; as to your father, he is by this informed of the affair, the Count paid me a visit and told me so; one of the conditions which he has made, is, that he will be allowed to pay his addressees to you, and, if he can gain your esteem and approbation, your father promises his consent; are you pleased at this? You are—it seems to me that I see you smile, and smile on, for never did one love another more than the Count loves you—he is worthy of your love, I am not prejudiced you know; his personal and mental accomplishments are indeed irresistible, and can be only equalled with thine—his religion is the only objection, yet it is trifling; he is too generous ever to pervert your mind, and too much the christian to force you to a belief contrary to your conscience.

LET me tell you some of the court news. You have heard of the charming
Gabriele

Gabriele d'Etrée, who has found the art of fixing the affections of this inconstant King. She is a miracle of beauty without doubt; but she is a proud one, she has all the accomplishments which nature and art can bestow, but not all the virtues.

HER ambition carried her so far as to aspire to the nuptial bed with the King, and would have succeeded in her design, had she not been strenuously opposed by a far superior power than she had herself. The disappointment has affected her so much, that she has entirely broken off with the King, who poor weak man, is endeavouring with all his might to retain her; but all his efforts are to no purpose, she has retired from court, and even has carried with her the children which she has had by him.

How aspiring does beauty make us women, when not supported by the dictates

tates of reason? What destruction has its influence not caused in the most powerful states, when indulged in all the petitesse, if I may so term it, of its capricious ambition, particularly when contradicted? — unbounded is its thirst of revenge and its consequences are obvious to every thinking person.

BUT you who are blest with beauty without affection, refined sense without vanity, and humility without ostentation, can hardly form in your artless mind the least idea of the fatal effects which ambitious beauty may cause, except what reading may inspire you with.

MADAMOISELLE de Guise is at court, she inherits the pride and importance of her family, and seems also to have imbibed plentifully her aversion to the Huguenots, on account of her father's murder. I do not blame her for it, it was a cruel deed.

deed. Her brother will prove a deadly foe to our cause; he inherits likewise all his father's virtues, and revenge seems to be the predominant passion of his soul. — Unless I be mistaken in him, he will sufficiently avenge the blood of his father, which, he says, cries loudly to him for satisfaction.

You may take my word for it, that war is near at hand; there are great preparations making and none at court are so active as the Montmorency family; they are a very powerful party, yet bear the best characters. Though a civil war be in itself blameable, yet there may be, as there certainly is, very worthy persons embroiled in it on either side.

THE Count will soon be with you, he is laying a stratagem to bring his regiment to his interest, before he can join our party. I cannot but be very angry with you

you if you do not love him; he deserves the love of a deserving woman, and you are the one who deserves his love, and he the one who only deserves your's. Adieu.

De FRAISE.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

The Count St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

READY just now to set out and bid
adieu for ever, perhaps, to the court
of France. That of Navarra now engros-
ses my thoughts. The Huguenots have
taken the field, and I am to join them im-
medately, my conditions with them are
these.

I AM to have the first post of impor-
tance which falls, and to have a settled
pension from the crown of Navarre. My
other and chief condition, which interests
me most, is the Marechal's consent, provid-
ed I can acquire the good liking of my
lovely mistress, his fair daughter.

You

You see all obstacles are already removed, which seemed to oppose my happiness. I flatter myself that I am not disagreeable to her, and if so, I shall now, under the sanction of her father's consent, improve her good opinion into friendship and good liking, and love of consequence will insinuate itself into her heart. Thus would I have it, and my hope is very great. I love her to distraction, and be the result what it will, she shall love me, and shall, if I can, be mine.—My spirits are so great and my hopes so strong, that I am tempted to think,

The day is come, we wish'd so long,
 Love pick'd it out amongst the throng:
 He destines to himself this fun,
 And takes the reins and drives it on.

But upon reflection, I find that my fancy out runs my hope. The war is blazing out in every quarter, and may prove fatal to,

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to, tho' the actual cause of my present success in my love.

UNPOLISHED, indeed, I am, to neglect telling my friend, how much I am rejoiced at the happy issue of the misunderstanding between the Duke and Ducheſs. — Make them my beſt compliments and tell them how much I congratulate them on their new happineſs.

THE Count de Lamont our old friend is at Paris, he has recompens'd me in ſome wiſe for thy abſence, — his campaigns in Flanders have rather improved than impaired him; — he enjoys great ſpirits and very good health, he intends to take no part in theſe troubles, would that all my friends were of his mind: — Love is the cauſe which urges me into them, as you know, and love muſt bring me through them.

You

You shall hear no more from me until I reach the Huguenot quarters, — this night I will set out. Farewel, and rather pity than accuse thy friend, when you spend a reflection on his conduct.

St. BLAISE.

LET.

LETTER XXVI.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

VICTORIOUS wreaths bind our brows! The Calvinist cause triumphs over its oppressors. Astonishing courage has been displayed on both sides. The St. Andrées have done wonders; they are, you know, the bulwarks of the Huguenot faction. Condé dispensed desolation wherever he went: Nor must deserving praise be denied to the Montmorencys, Monsieur de Guise, and numberless others of undoubted courage on the other side. Love befriended me on the occasion, and inspired me with courage enough to merit the thanks of the King and whole army:— You will think me vain for saying so, but do not, I was but an agent in it; Teresa de Chamont has the applause, she inspired my breast with courage and gave my arm strength—she led me into the midst of the conflict,

conflict, and she, shielding me with the spread out pinions of love, brought me back safe!

You will excuse me from giving you a description of the battle, as the news of it will reach you as soon as this letter. My mind is not at present in a disposition for describing the fates of broils and battles, do but enjoin me as a task to tell the various motions of a love-sick heart, the bitter sweets attending the gentle passions, and all the tumults of an hoping breast; then shall persuasive eloquence tip my pliant tongue, and all my powers change themselves to speech!

I AM preparing to set out in a few days to lay my lawre's at my charmer's feet, and receive from her the reward which they deserve.

AMIDST these successes my infidelity to my own party often raises a trouble in

G

my

my breast; but I must stifle the reflections, and endeavour to indulge my more favourite ones. The object which has induced me to such a breach, most strongly pleads my excuse.—Who could behold the charming woman without the temptation of committing a greater fault than mine! She would tempt the anchoret from his solitary cell, and inspire him with more ardent fire than what possessed his breast before!—I will not give way to any other thoughts but those spent entirely on her.—She must and shall be mistress of all my actions.

You may depend on hearing from me, as soon as I shall have any news to communicate, whether good or bad. Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Madamoiselle de CHAMONT to the Marchioness de FRAISE.

THOU art truth itself, my dear Marchioness,—my father does coincide with my inclinations. He approves of the Count's addresses to me, and gives me leave to admit of them.

Now shall I indulge this growing passion, which is sanctified by a father's will. No more shall I form any doubts, except what may result from the behaviour of the Count towards me. — Do you think that he is sincere in his professions? Ought I have any diffidence in him, until he be better tried? — Surely deceit cannot be concealed under so fine a form. — I cannot bear to suspect him. The illusion is even too flattering to be undeceived in, even though he were so!

WE have gained a compleat victory over the catholicks, and no one has acquired more honour in the battle than the Count. — How we are charmed when we hear the men whom we favour, well spoken of! He is advancing hither crowned with lawrel, and loaded with the encomiums of the whole court and army. How the expectation of seeing him so soon ravishes me! I fear that I shall not behave with that reserve when I see him, which our sex should support on such an occasion. — I wish you were here to assist me with thy candid advice, for indeed I want it much.

It is the most difficult task of our whole lives, to carry ourselves exactly in a medium between reason and love; for no two can be more opposite the one to the other. Reason is the offspring of the mind, produced by reflection; and love is the capricious child of fancy, fostered by luxury, bred up by hope, and a sworn foe

to thought. The golden medium, is hard to be found out. The one should soften the severity of the other, and the latter should be, I may say, indulgently led by the hand of the former.

METHINKS I see you smile and say, —
What an adept she is grown! Allow me to make this reply, that it requires not very much knowledge to know so much of the human heart. ———

You shall hear from me as soon as the Count arrives, and till then believe me to be the sincerest amongst thy friends.

T. de CHAMONT.

LETTER XXVIII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis de
VALSAIN.

I AM happy Valsain in every sense of the word.—My addresses approved of by the father and admitted of, nay sweetly indulged by the charming daughter!—I have succeeded as far as my present wishes could pretend to.—I am not indifferent to her, she confesses it; then, since I have gained my point so far, may I not presume to hope, that this partiality may change itself to—love.

As soon as I arrived here which was about twelve at noon, I dressed myself and went or rather flew to the Hotel de *****. I was informed that Mademoiselle de Chamont was in the garden, whither I was conducted instantly. She was in a small grove at the lower end of it,
with

with a book in her hand. She seemed very intent on what she read, and lest I should disturb her I advanced softly. As soon as I had gotten within a few paces of her, I heard her repeat these lines in a loud emphatical tone,

“ A wilderness unknown to man with
 “ thee,
 “ Were blest and populous enough for
 “ me:”

I interrupted her of a sudden with the remainder of the lines,

“ For where thou art each sorrow flies
 “ away,
 “ Desarts are worlds and night out shines
 “ the day.”

She turned suddenly about, for her back was toward me, and looking earnestly at me, she dropt the book out of her hand, and with a shriek cried out, 'tis he! — I

caught her immediately in my arms, as she was about to fall; and she gently reclined her head upon my breast. — Judge, my friend, what I felt in this happy situation. — By heaven, I would not have changed my condition of that moment, for a perpetuity of the empire of the universe.

SHE recovered herself sooner than I expected. What sweet confusion appeared in her countenance, when she became sensible of her situation. She cast her lovely eyes to the ground, and though she disengaged herself from my arms, yet she did not withdraw her hand, which I held in mine.

WE remained for some time silent, at last she spoke: Believe me, my friend, I had not power to utter a syllable, though I attempted it several times. The very happiness of beholding her, took all power from my tongue.

THE

THE unexpected sight of a gentleman, said she, whom I am in gratitude bound to respect for his noble services to our cause, can sufficiently account for the reason of this sudden effect of surprize. — You are too generous to form any other judgment of it. — It is but natural on such occasions: — Now Sir, allow me to welcome you to Bearne, and to assure you that no one can have a higher esteem for your merit than I.

I BOWED and pressed her hand to my lips, — I thanked her for the kind reception which she honoured me with, and told her that I should ever have a grateful remembrance of her kind opinion, and always endeavour to deserve more, if possible, than her esteem. — Here I cast my eyes to the ground and sighed.

IN order I believe to change the subject, she asked me, when I arrived? I told her,

G 5

about

about two hours ago. Then, Sir, said she, looking complacently on me, you cannot but be fatigued, and it may not be improper for you to take some refreshment: I bowed consent, and led her to the house in profound silence on both sides.

WHEN we got in and were seated, I told her, that as I was happy enough to have gained her father's approbation of my passion for her, I humbly hoped that she would permit me to endeavour to make her think favourably of one, whose existence and love for her could have but one period.

SHE replied, my father's will has always been a law to me, and whoever he approves of, cannot be discountenanced by me.

HEAVENLY woman, exclaimed I, catching hold of her hand and kissing it, — you make me incomparatively happy. —

AND

AND be assured of it, Count, that I have and ever shall have the greatest esteem for you.

ESTEEM echoed I, — but charming Teresa, — I love you, — love you to distraction. — And can mere esteem be a suitable return? — Can you, — will you not love me?

Love you, Sir, cried she! do you imagine that I can or could love you by so short an acquaintance.

TRUE, madam, said I, but can I hope that time may prove me deserving of your love.

SHE said, — yes, and smiled and blushed as she uttered the charming word. — I fell on my knees and kissed her condescending hand a thousand times. — I dared to urge her no farther. She seemed dissatisfied for
having

having said so much, I could perceive it by her looks, though she spoke not. — I think that it would be indiscreet in me to solicit her farther in behalf of my passion. A female of delicate sensibility is ever on the alarm on occasion of the slightest surmise.

I REMAINED with her near two hours, and our discourse ran chiefly on the subject of love. Her sentiments on that passion were so very fine and so very well uttered, that she has convinced me of her consummate knowledge of the human heart, though she seems to be very diffident of her own understanding. — We were both unanimous, that man would differ only in form from the brute creation, were there not one gentle passion of the human mind, capable of assuaging the turbulence and ferocity of other passions which too often rule the heart.

THE Marechal will be here in two days time. — I shall push my suit home, and I hope that by my next letter you'll know that I am compleatly happy. Adieu.

De St. BLAISE.

LET.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Mademoiselle de CHAMONT to Marchioness de FRAISE.

HE is come, my dear friend, as much in love by all appearance as man can be, and I am not far from being so myself; I fear that I am entirely so! — He had the art to draw some condescensions from me, which I should have art enough to deny; but alas! when our inclinations are biassed in favour of any one, it is almost impossible to be thoroughly reserved in our conduct. — I was near saying that I loved him, at least I gave him room to hope, that I might in time.

DID I not go too far in saying so; I know that you will think not. — You are much in the Count's interest; indeed, indeed you are. Well, I am not displeased with you that you are so. I like that every one should favour him, because I do so.

My

My father will be here to-morrow. A cessation of arms occasions their return from the camp, and in consequence of the cessation a peace is talked of. It will be very acceptable to every party, and I pray that it may take place.

LOVE does not so far possess my mind as to make me dislike news; but you are so stingy grown of your ink and time, that you tell me nothing except what I force you to say. — I must own that you amused me in a former letter with some news, and why do you not continue to do so. Tell me what strangers are there now; whether Gabriele d'Etrée intends to keep entirely from court, and who is now the reigning toast? —

THE Count is to spend the evening here; but why do I say so? Does he not spend all his hours here? — He must be very agreeable, or I would soon grow weary of his constant dangling after me. — I must
hurry

hurry to my toilette. It is as essential, apparently by our actions, as our prayers, especially when we are to see our sparks. — I will not excuse your neglect of writing, your punishment shall be an entire neglect of you in the good wishes of.

T. de CHAMONT.

L. E. T.

LETTER XXX.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

THE Marechal is arrived in the suite of the King. He behaves with uncommon respect and affability to me. If his indulgence to my passion and his daughter's partiality for me, can make me happy, I am truly so.—I am ever in her company; and she sacrifices her daily amusements to be at home for me. Every action of her's favours me: and when she becomes sensible of her indulgence to me, the reflection makes her blush, and I can imagine that I read in her eyes the language of her heart, as if it said, how weak I am!

NOTHING now seems to lye in the way of my happiness: every objection is removed. But before I venture to urge the
father

father to comply with my wishes, I will sound his disposition of mind deeply, that all avenues to my wishes may be made smooth and easy.

WE will have a peace, I hope, very shortly. They seem here to be as weary of a civil war as the court of France.—An express arrived here, importing, that the King is ill at Fountainbleau. If he goes off, peace and union will then ensue, and Henry of Navarre will be master of a powerful, though distracted nation. I am of opinion, that no man alive is more capable of healing it's wounds, than he. His knowledge in man, is as great as his courage in battle, and his genius for intrigue bespeaks him a finished politician.

I AM sorry the Count de Lomont left Paris before he received my letter. I pray you, as a correspondence is more convenient to you than to me from situations, and as he has requested to be informed

formed of my affairs from time to time, inform him minutely. I hope, that tho' this estate has fallen to him in Lorraine, he will not reside there. It would grieve me much to lose so dear a friend.

MAKE my best compliments to the Duke and Duchess, and believe me to be thy sincere friend, Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Marchioness de FRAISE to Mademoiselle
de CHAMONT.

I HAVE received your reproaches but cannot think myself in fault. Lovers do not think like other folks. What they suppose faulty, in other eyes, appear the reverse: it is your case now: for I never receive a letter from you, which I do not implicitly answer. However, retorsion apart, I will inform you of the news of Paris.

I WILL at present dwell on one object only, which engrosses the general conversation. A young couple is arrived here for their pleasure. Nature seems to have exhausted all her favours on them. They are the most charming pair I ever saw united in Hymen's bands; and I know of none, who could stand in competition
with

with them, but Teresa de Chamont and the Count de St. Blaise.

THE history of their lives is very surprising, bears the face of Romance, and yet is true. His name is Don John de Ribera, and her's Isabella d'Almaro, both of antient noble families of the kingdom of Algarves in Portugal. — His mother dying, when he was an infant, his father Don Francisco, whose fortune was but small, desirous of making something for his darling son, accepted of a government in the Indies, and entrusted the care and education of the child to the father of Isabella, Don Pedro Olivaro; whose family was united with his by the strictest ties of friendship.

DON John and Isabella were brought up and educated together. In the earlier part of their youth, the dawning of a future passion was apparent in all their plays and amusements with each other.

Their

Their hopes and fears were alike, and they were ever unhappy when asunder. This mutual liking was attributed to their innocence; but time proved it to be something more.

WHEN they had touched at their sixteenth year, they were universally admired for their beauty. Isabella was sought for in marriage by the first nobility. One gentleman in particular was favoured by her father and mother, and a treaty of marriage was on foot. The young lovers were alarmed. Don John in particular, when he heard of it was distracted. He ran to the father and mother, conjured them not to commit a deed, which must prove the destruction of their daughter, for that they had conceived a mutual love for each other from their tenderest years.

THE old couple you may imagine were much astonished at this news: they comforted him in the best manner they could, and

and promised not to proceed any farther in the affair.—They consulted together how they should act, and came to a resolution of writing an account of the affair to Don John's father. They did; and Don Francisco wrote in answer, that it was what he had always in view, and thought himself happy that the young ones favoured his wishes so much, but prayed them to defer the celebration of the nuptials until he should arrive in Europe, which would be very soon, as the time of his government was near expired.

THIS news was new life to the lovers, who spent the intervening time in all the fond dalliance of expecting love.—But human designs are ever liable to change! Don Francisco arrived at length, but with views different from his first purpose. He had acquired riches, and his ambition encreased. He resolved to match his son in some more illustrious family, and therefore positively broke off the match.

THIS

THIS was not only a coup de tonnerre to our distracted lovers, but a palpable insult on the family of Almaro. In short, Don John's father thoroughly to break off all connection between them, had him privately transported to the Indies, and gave out that he died. This report gained credit, for all Don John's friends went into deep mourning for him, and prayers were said in all the churches of Villanova.

POOR Isabella was inconsolable, and with the extorted consent of her parents retired to a convent, there to spend the remainder of her days in solitude and regret.

IN the convent which she had chosen, a young recluse lived, whose amiable disposition of mind having a similitude to her own, prepossessed her in her favour above the rest of the community, and engaged

engaged her in the closest friendship and confidence. How vain were all her resolutions! This lady had a brother, named Don Gusman of Loreda, a young nobleman of rank and merit, who happening to see Isabella in the company of Donna Cecilia, on a time, when he visited his sister, fell in love with her.—To be short, he solicits the interest and consent of her friends, and as his birth and circumstances favoured him, he succeeded with them.—Nothing was wanting to his happiness but the concurrence of Isabella. He engages his sister to be his advocate. The sister used all her persuasion to gain upon Isabella to favour him. Isabella was still obdurate; but friendship, under the easy dress of complaisance and good-nature, is authoritative: love appears equally so and often more; yet it is always suspected of self-interest, and begets distrust. Friendship on the contrary looks disinterested, blinds us often, and often deceives us.

H Thus

Thus it was with Isabella. She was prevailed upon by her fair friend to give her hand to the brother, and at last consented.

EVERY thing was prepared for the marriage and the day fixed. Isabella was conducted to her father's house near Villanova, where there were jousts and tournaments for several days before the marriage for the amusements of the guest. One day in particular Don Gusman entered the lists to challenge a Cavalier, and was engaged by one whom no one present knew. The stranger came off victorious, and was led to the scaffold to receive the prize from Isabella's hand. As he knelt down he uncovered his face, and discovered Don John de Ribeira to her. Her joy was certainly very great, but she had the prudence to conceal it, and as she stretched forth the prize, told him in a low tone that she would meet in a certain part of the garden that night.

I HAVE

I HAVE exceeded the bounds of a letter, and must conclude for want of paper, but be assured that I will send you the remainder of this curious story by the next post. Adieu.

De FRAISE.

H2 LET

LETTER XXXII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

A MOST unhappy accident has happened to my lovely dear.—She sprained her ankle by a fall from her horse at a boar hunt, which the king invited us to. It was a lucky mishap for me, for happily, being near at hand when the horse threw her, I dismounted as soon as I saw her fall, and caught her in my arms. The suddenness of the accident cast her into a fainting fit. When she came a little to herself, she not perceiving in whose arms she was, or who were about her, cried in an eager, though faint tone, is my St. Blaise safe.

WHAT I then felt can admit of no description! Must I not have been an inhuman selfish fellow to rejoice at an accident, as I then did, which made me know,
what

what it would perhaps have cost me an age of trouble to discover.

SHE is not much hurted. The pain is lessened and she can walk a little on it.— The dear angel, on recollection of what she had said, was in inexpressible confusion, and not knowing what she did, shrunk into my bosom, with design of hiding her face from my view. She distresses me much when I come into her presence, for her face is in a continual glow, and all her actions and words shew her chagrin for being so weak, as she herself will term it.

As to my expectations with the father, I have no cause of despair; yet I must naturally be uneasy until I get my final answer. I do not see the Marechal as often as I could wish. Whether it be business or a design to avoid me, which occasions it I cannot tell; however I shall harbour no doubt, but hope for the best.

As to my success with the daughter, circumstances prove it's certainty; therefore I will rest secure on the lovely creature's prepossession in my favour. My security is great: she is not capable of disguise. If she disliked me, I would have known it e'er now. May the father prove but half as propitious to my wishes! Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET.

LETTER XXXIII.

Marchioness de FRAISE to Madamoiselle
de CHAMONT.

WELL, you see how punctual I am. You can have no reason to accuse me now of neglect. I have not even given you time to answer my letter, the contents of which I am sure you are anxious to know the conclusion—Read it then.

THEY met at the appointed hour, and renewed their vows of eternal love. His jealousy was roused at the news of her approaching marriage; but he was soon eased by her excuses and solemn protestations of being for ever his. In short he gained her consent to go off with him the next night, and parted for that time.

DON John hired a small vessel, which he ordered to be ready the next night at

that part of the sea shore, which was nearest to the garden door. Every thing was prepared, and Isabella repaired at the appointed hour to the rendezvous. It happened that she came a little before the time, and after waiting with impatience a good while, she opened the door and advanced towards the shore: unfortunately for her, a Salee rover happened to be at anchor in expectation of prey. She supposing it to be Don John's vessel, made to it. The corsairs perceived her immediately by the clearness of the night, rowed ashore, seized and brought her on board.

DON John came in some time after with the vessel, finding her not there, he waited her coming beyond the limits of patience. He went to the garden, and to his surprise found the door open. However he put the best construction on it, supposing that the door might have been accidentally left open, and that Isabella could not conveniently have ventured out that night.—

Satisfied

Satisfied with these conjectures, he retired with intent of putting his design in execution the next night.

BUT great was his surprise, when next day Isabella was missing and no account had of her.—After many fruitless suppositions and designs, it came into his head, that she might have been carried away, on the night of their intended flight, by Barbary pirates.—He took shipping in that persuasion and arrived at Salee.

HE was not wrong, for after much search, he found her among the number of the Governor's captives. He applied to the Infidel about her, but the ransom, which he demanded, exceeded by far, what Don John could offer.—What could he do! a thought occurred, to lay what money he had in the governor's hands and remain in slavery in Isabella's stead. The Governor consented to it, when he found out Don John's quality. Isabella would

scarce consent to the exchange, but at the earnest entreaties of Don John, she consented to return home and solicit his ransom from their friends.

ON her arrival in Portugal, the ransom was sent over, and Don John released,—As soon as he returned home, and the circumstances of their adventures known to both their friends, the old family friendship was revived, all past contentions and and resentments forgotten, and the young couple were united in Hymen's bands, and crowned for the reward of their fidelity, with the wreaths of love, felicity and content.

You will say, my lovely friend, that these two lovers history is very interesting. They suffered very greatly and were rewarded accordingly. Persevering love will ever have it's reward, and it is my opinion, that when love inspires two hearts with a mutual flame, that these very two hearts are alone destined to make each other

other happy: and I may very well say of
Don John and Isabella, that,

"Fate has selected them, and mighty
love

Confirms below, what it ordain'd above."

You cannot deny the justness of my
demand on you for a letter. Write im-
mediately, or else——mark my threat,
or else, the God of Love shall run counter
to your wishes. Adieu.

De FRAISE.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

Madamoiselle de CHAMONT to the Marchioness de FRAISE.

THE history which my lovely friend has given of the lives of the amiable strangers has improved as well as amused me. They suffered much, and have been rewarded accordingly. How pleasing now must their reflections be, on their past adventures! With what pleasure can they tell their children in a winter's night, the stories of their lives; while the admiring innocents will hang upon their parents' tongues, ask questions upon questions, which they had known before, and prattle their indulgent parents into silence! I wish to see the lovely pair, but that is impracticable.

THE

THE only fault I find in Isabella's conduct is, that she consented to go off with Don John. This was a step her parents never would consent to, and she knew so, and yet would do it. Methinks, that her being carried off by the Corsairs, was a judgment on her for her disobedience. You will say, in excuse for her, that the tenderness and constancy of their love, together with the opposition it met with, clears her from an imputation of disobedience. It may stand good with you, but not with me.

I WAS very much astonished yesterday, at a question, which my father put to me. He entered my room, as I had done dressing, and looking earnestly at me for a time, asked me, in a serious and commanding tone, whether I loved the Count de St. Blaise, or not? The suddenness of the demand startled and threw me into a confusion, which hindered me from answering him

him directly. He repeated the question ; upon which, gathering resolution, I told him the situation of my heart. He paused for a while, and then said, very well, very well ! I was about to ask him, whether he disapproved or not, of my liking for the Count, when, he turned short and left the room.

I CANNOT devine the cause of his asking me this question. I fear something is hatching, to contradict what I never would have encouraged, without the approbation of my father. I have not seen the Count since.—I long to see him, perhaps he has heard something.—I am not so much in fear about myself, as about him, if any thing should happen to, cross our inclinations. The violence of his temper might urge him to do something desperate. He is naturally violent and hot : this I have already found out, by many many of his actions.—My heart is very
far

far from being at ease, and will be so,
until I find out the reason of my father's
question. Adieu, my dear friend.

T. de CHAMONT.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I AM ruined, deceived, betrayed, Valsain! The perfidious father of my lovely woman has retracted his promises, and given me an absolute refusal. I have deserved it. My perfidy to the cause I should support, rises now in just judgment against me. — They have fulfilled the adage, loved the treason, but hated the treason. — Perdition! why did I not proceed on surer grounds. — But it is done. Oh! that he was not the father of the woman I adore, I would — But love restrains my arm, and respect for him, on that account, struggles with my thirst of vengeance!

I WENT

I WENT yesterday to his hotel, to demand the completion of his promise. He received me with cool politeness. His behaviour surprised me not a little: however, I took no notice of it: but told him frankly, that the chief motive of my visit was to ask Mademoiselle de Chamont's hand, according to agreement.

HE paused a while, and then very gravely asked me, whether I had her consent or no.

I TOLD him, that I had the vanity to flatter myself, that Mademoiselle had no objection to making me happy, provided he concurred.

SUCH an affair requires mature deliberation, sir; and perhaps there may be some obstacles to be removed first.

WHAT

WHAT obstacles can there be, replied I, with some warmth.

ONE, for instance,—your religion.

My religion!—why did you not think of that in the beginning, when you favoured my addresses to your daughter, and entered into a solemn contract, to give her to me, provided I had acquired her esteem and consent, and to confer on me a paltry employment, which I have not yet received.

You are too hot, sir, listen to reason.—Promises and contracts made in times of necessity are no way binding.—Sir, to be short with you, I have changed my mind, and beg that you will speak no more on that head.

CHANGED your mind! exclaimed I, in the fury of my rage.—Enough.—Perdition

dition seize my soul, if I have not revenge on thee.

I CAST a look of rage and madness at him, as I said these words, and darted out of the room.

I PROCEEDED then to Teresa's apartments, and found her sitting melancholly, on a sofa, with her head reclined on her hand. I was by her side before she recollected that any one entered.—Alas ! cried she, raising up her eyes towards me, as if surprised, how came you here ? Are you ignorant that my father forbids me to see you.—Haste thee hence, lest he should find you with me.

I AM not ignorant of the worst he can do, said I.—I just came from him.—He has behaved perfidiously to me. He has broken his promise to me, as a reward for my services to him and his party.

He

HE is my father, Count, replied she, and therefore, I will not hear him reviled. He is accountable to no one for his actions but to himself. — I conjure you, begone, he will be here anon, and if he finds us together, the consequence may be fatal to me.

AND am I rebuked of thee, my charming Teresa? Will you join your father against me, cried I, falling on my knees? Am I to have all hopes cut off? Am I to be miserable? Speak my doom, that I may at once be certain of what I have to expect.

RISE, sir. I will not speak while you remain in that posture. — I arose. — Have you not, continued she, sufficient proofs of my partiality for you, and I was willing to indulge it, whilst my father approved of it. But now —

BUT

BUT now, I exclaimed, is your liking but a temporary one? Does it veer about with a father's will?—Surely, your tender heart could not be susceptible of so transient a sensation!

You arraign me wrongly, replied she.—I shall ever entertain a favourable prepossession of you.—

AND no more! cried I, is this all I deserve for my heart, which you hold enslaved.

WHAT more can I do or say?

SAY! tell me, my charmer, whether you love me or no, or whether you ever can?

ALAS! do not urge me too far. I cannot explain myself more.—

WILL

WILL you drive me to desperation then.—Must I go from thee, my angel, without the smallest hopes of a return.—Can you condescend to grant me one request at least.

If possible I will.

THEN promise me, that you will never consent to give your hand to any one but to me.

How you distress me, said she faintly, —well, I do. —

HEAVENLY creature, exclaimed I.—But, when shall I see you again.

THAT I can't now tell.—My father so positively forbid me to see you, that I must act with the greatest circumspection: However, I shall let you know when it may be convenient.

So

So far was I content : but the Marechal's perfidy embitters all the happiness, which I derive from the daughter's constancy.

I DEPARTED from her, after vowing eternal love on my side, and she an inviolable adherence to her promise on her's. Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I HAVE lost her, Valsain! they have stolen her from me, like thieves they have stolen her.—What shall I do, whither shall I fly to seek her?—Oh, that I did not sheath my sword in the perfidious father's heart, before he had entirely robbed me of every thing my soul holds dear! but, let me mitigate my wrath, that I may tell you how it happened.

THE lovely creature gave me notice, previously, that she would see me that night at the end of her father's garden. I repaired thither, at the appointed hour, and met her. Our conversation was very tender, but in the midst of my happiness, and when I had just drawn from her, the
confession

confession of her love for me, we heard the noise of some persons coming towards us. Who, think you, were they? The father, who having, as I am informed, some occasion for her, came to her chamber, and not finding her there, it occurred to him, that she might have given me a meeting in the garden, or perhaps had eloped with me. He instantly called his servants and sallied forth, and unfortunately came up to us, before we could retire from where we were. They seized her, and brought her off. The father drew his sword and ran at me: I also drew, and disarmed him.—My rage was at it's highest pitch; but something, I know not what, restrained my hand from plunging my sword in his heart.—In consideration of my lovely mistress, I chose rather to forego my revenge.

WHAT must I do?—Oh! Valsain, no torture can equal disappointed love. It deprives one of every social comfort! I

I

am

170 CHARLES AND TERESA.

am no more fit for the commerce of life!
my soul is on the wreck!—the tortures of
hell cannot equal what I suffer!—Whither
shall I go for ease?—What resource can I
seek? Alas! none.—Pity, pity thy friend
for he deserves thy pity.——

St. BLAISE.

L.E.T.

LETTER XXXVII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

I HAVE found out where my angel was conveyed to. It is some allay to my sufferings.—They carried her away, that very night, to a strong castle belonging to the Marechal, where she is strictly guarded: but had her guards the eyes of Argus, I will deceive them all.

I DISTRACT my brains in framing schemes to see her. The most effectual one, I have rested on, is, a Jew pedlar's disguise, which cannot in any wise be suspected. Jove is said, by the poets, to have transformed his godhead into a bull, to gratify his love; and I, to gratify mine, take on me a more noble form. And if my stratagem does not take, to see my

imprisoned Danaë, I shall metamorphose my Jew into a shower, and rain gold into the pockets of her guards.

I HAVE sent my own man to reconnoitre the place, and, on his return, I shall set out on my adventure.—Wish me success, Valsain. Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Marquis
de VALSAIN.

THAT infernal jilt, fortune, is resolved to oppose me in all my undertakings. The most unlucky accident has befallen me since I wrote to you last, which could cross a successful lover. Instead of courting the smiles of Venus, I fear that I must strive to moderate the rigour of a tribunal.

You must know, Valsain, that according to the report, which my man had given me, of the situation of the place, I set out, and arrived at a small village, within a quarter of a league of the fatal castle; where, I left my servants and horses, and putting on my disguise advanced, properly accommodated, with my

box well sorted with every kind of baubles. I must tell you, that I did not forget to bring with me, a large *couteau de chaise*. I wish, I had not.—I got easy admittance, as a person of my appearance could give cause to no suspicion. I was surrounded by the servants on my entrance. The noise which we made in our bargains, reached the ears of my charmer, who was in an adjacent apartment. She sent to know what was the reason of the noise, and was informed, that a Jew pedlar was in the hall. Curiosity, natural to the sex, inclined her to order me in. I obeyed: and to my no small mortification, I saw sitting by her, a very comely person, elegantly dressed. An air of dejection appeared in her countenance, and yet I thought, that she was attentive to the assiduities which he paid her,—too much so at least for my jealous heart. My heart swelled instantly with rage, at the very idea of a rival. I suppressed the growing fury for a while, as well as my impetuosity

sity would allow: but, when the man had bought some trinkets, and I saw her take them with a smile of condescension, suspicion, revenge and jealousy, at once agitated my soul, and set it all in a blaze. I could forbear no longer, and throwing off my disguise, without any respect to my dear mistress, whom I then imagined false, drew the hanger and bid him defend himself. My arm strengthened by my rage, directed my weapon to his body, through which I thrust it with all my might, and left it there. I supposed him dead, and regardless of Teresa, who, I imagined, had betrayed my love, and whom I left in a swoon, sought my safety in flight.

I AM now at R——, whither I fled for safety after this unlucky affair happened. I have been since informed, that he is the baron de ——, a Huguenot of large fortune, whom the Marechal designed for Teresa, and on that account, so treacherously deceived me. The marriage was,

had it not been obstructed by the late affair between him and me, to be celebrated in a few days. Fate seemed to have made use of me as an instrument in it to punish the Marechal, even at the cost of his destined son-in-law's life. I cannot find out whether he is dead or alive. Let him die, and so may all those who lie in the way of my happiness.—I have this consolation in my wretchedness, that Teresa loves me, and is complaisant to the Baron only, in compliance to her father's will. The dear creature must suffer greatly by this condescension. I do not blame her for her obedience; but I condemn the obedience as the cause of what she now in all probability suffers. Oh, my Valsain, that I had not the power with the will to obviate these difficulties, and frustrate our cruel fate.—But it is in vain to exclaim or threaten.—We must submit to that great law, whatever is or is to be, must and is right.

I WOULD

I WOULD be glad that you would, as I cannot, without discovering my place of retreat, enquire, whether that man be dead or not. Send me word what either courts think of the affair, or, if I can with any safety appear in publick. I shall rely in this, as well as in every thing else, on thy friendship. Adieu.

St. BLAISE.

15

LET

LETTER XXXIX.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
St. BLAISE.

I NEED not tell my friend, how much I have been concerned for the naughty affair in which he has lately been involved, but have now to tell him, that matters are in a better way, than could be expected on the occasion.

THE Baron is recovering. His wound was not mortal. But, I must tell you, that the Marechal intends giving Mademoiselle to him as soon as they arrive and are settled in Paris: for you must know, as good news to all lovers of peace and concord, that the King died yesterday in the evening, and Henry of Navarre, as successor to the crown, is hastening to Paris with his whole court.

I WAS

I WAS preparing to set out the moment your letter came to my hand. I wrote to the Duke your brother, and several others of your friends, to procure your immediate return. It is, you know, a matter of form, and must be kept up. Your interest and friends are too powerful to fear any thing, even within the inspection of the laws, except from the resentment of the Baron and his adherents.

I HAVE received a letter a few days ago from our friend, the Count ——— is not determined as yet, whether he will reside in Lorraine or in France. He congratulates you on your success in your amour, but when he hears how the sequel of it has succeeded, for I will this night write an account of it to him, I am sorry to say, that he will change his note.

SINCE, my Charles, you have been involved in the precarious wiles of love, be
not

not dejected. There are many resources. Expectation and hope feed the fancy: perseverance merits success, and time recompences it.—If you have not succeeded now, you may hereafter. Your mistress loves you, and is faithful, and constancy on both sides may soften the obdurate nature of her father.

You shall hear from me, as soon as I have good news to send you, until when, believe me, as I always am, your sincere friend,

De VALSAIN.

LET-

L E T T E R X L.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
St. BLAISE.

HASTE, haste you to Paris. All your expecting friends long to see thee. We want but your presence to make us happy. Never was this court known to be so full or so brilliant. Peace, unanimity and content smile on every countenance. — Delay not. — Fly to us. The King himself longs to have you near him. But, I must not disguise with my friend on his most important concern; — The Marechal is resolved to force Teresa to marry the Baron. To oppose this union, you should add wings to your speed, I need not urge you to do so, I'm sure you will.

THE Marechal and family are arrived in Paris. She is universally admired. You will

will have more rivals than one. The Baron is her Cæcisbeo to every place. He is very assiduous to please and serve her; yet I can find, that she receives all his civilities with forbidding coolness. A languor is settled in her face, and dejection is seated on her brow; and, in spite of all these present disadvantages, she has the preference, to the celebrated Portuguese beauty, who is lately come here with her husband, a very accomplished, handsome fellow.

MAKE no long tarrying. Hurry to where thy friendship, thy love, and thy honour calls thee. Adieu.

VALSAIN.

LET.

LETTER XLI.

Count de St. BLAISE to the Count
de LOMONT.

THIS letter is a tribute long due to friendship ; and I hope, that it will be acceptable to my friend, tho' he had reason to accuse me of long silence.

How is it with you? Are you happy? Surely, thou art happier than thy friend; at least I wish you may be so. It is easy for you to be happier than me; for indeed I am not happy. I am the bubble of fortune, blown about by every puff of her fantasy. Yet, there may be a change: I will not despair. I am beloved, my friend, but am vilely persecuted in my love. I need not tell you so, Valsain has informed you of all.

I AM

I AM but two days in Paris; they are two ages to me. I have not seen my charmer. They keep her from my view; but I will countermine all their measures, and see her, tho' an host of devils opposed me.

How intolerable a thing it is, Count, to meet opposition in love. I would suffer, for choice, an age of infirmity, rather than a minute's pain from love; your whole body and very soul suffers. Jealousy, suspicion, hope, despair, and every other excruciating passion, concur to aggravate the sufferer's torture.—May you never feel what it's bitters are.—It is a pleasing, generous and flattering passion, and though attended with many advantages, and though ever so successful; yet there is a pungent uneasiness attending it's sweetest favours. The smallest absence from the beloved, cause pain. The cast of an eye, or a word capable of a double meaning, rouses to alarm and gives uneasiness.

easiness. To sum it up, in a word, it is the ordeal of youth.

IN my present situation, if I should not write to you, be not offended. My good will and friendship shall not lack. Valfain shall answer to you for himself and me. We are a triumvirate, united by friendship, and on that union I rest the merit of this my excuse for future neglect.

Adieu,

St. BLAISE.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count
de LOMONT.

I WOULD have written to you 'ere now, my dear Count, but that I thought it needless, as St. Blaise himself wrote. His letter was a novelty to you, for, I believe, it is some months since he wrote to you before. You must excuse his silence ; it was not want of friendship, which caused it, but love, that intruding, insolent brat, who bereaves man, not only of the comforts of life, but of his very reason.

CHARLES lives in Paris as if he were not in it. The lively companion, and polite fine fellow, is lost in the pensive, thoughtful, negligent lover. I never saw a man so much in love. My endeavours are fruitless to bring him to himself. I cannot

cannot get a word out of his mouth, unless I discourse of Teresa de Chamont ; she is a lovely girl, and worthy of the tenderest love ; but however lovely and charming she or any other may be, a man should love within the bounds of reason.

THEY see each other every day at court, but cannot find an opportunity of speaking ; that is a mortifying circumstance to both. It is true, their eyes speak the language of their hearts, and they understand the mutual glances. A silent intercourse like this, is very eloquent, and often more expressive, than if they used the tongue.

THEY have the happiness of an uninterrupted, as yet, correspondence by letter, by means of an old governante of her's, who is much in their interest. He received a billet from her last night, with the key of a door, which gives into the garden of the Marechal's hotel, to have
it's

it's impression taken in wax, and to get one made, and keep it for his own use. By this means they can see one another in spite of the watches, which are fixed over her.

THERE are great preparations making for the coronation of the King; it will be celebrated in a few days. Never did there appear a greater amity than at present between the Catholicks and Huguenots. I wish with all my heart it may be real. I'm convinced that the King is sincere; policy, at least, obliges him to be so, and complaisance for their monarch, and policy also, will oblige the subjects to keep the best face out, and therefore the nation may be certain of rest from civil discord.

You shall hear no more from me, until I can give you some account, how poor Charles succeeds in this unhappy love affair of his, but though you do not, believe me to be still your sincere friend,

VALSAIN.

P. S.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that St. Blaise's favoured rival, I mean, favoured by the father, is a Lorraine nobleman, the Baron ——. The Marechal declares, that Teresa must give her hand to him after the coronation. It will cost some lives before he can bring it about, I can assure him.

LET.

LETTER XLIII.

Marquis de VALSAIN, to the Count de
LOMONT.

THE most tender scene, I ever was an eye witness to, passed last night, between St. Blaise and Teresa. The Marechal gave her to understand, that she must prepare herself to receive the Baron de —, as her husband, in six days time. She begged a longer time to consider of it, and with much difficulty it was granted. Alarmed at this so sudden a resolution of her father, she wrote a billet to the Count, desiring him to meet her in the garden, at their usual hour, to concert measures, how they may avert the storm, which threatens them so much.

THE Count, full of distraction, ran to me on receipt of it, and shewed me the contents.—He asked me my advice upon the
the

the matter: but what to say on it, I could not think. A person should be very cautious, how they advise in affairs of such consequence. What I thought best to be done, was to prevail on her to consent to a private marriage, and I advised him to it.

FEARING lest his mood of mind, would make him do something inconsistent with his and her present situation, I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him to the place that night. He consented, on proviso, that I should not appear in her presence, lest she might suppose herself insulted, by admitting a third person to a private interview. He was just in this remark; I agreed, and we went together to the rendezvous.

THERE is a small Chinese temple there, where they hold their meetings. For the greater convenience, that I might be near at hand, I concealed myself behind it. We were not long at our different stands, when she appeared, attended by her old Governess.

Governess. As soon as he saw her, he ran towards her, pressed her close in his arms, and then led her in profound silence to the temple, where they seated themselves.

CHAR. Your father, I see then, my lovely Teresa, is resolved to break thro' all ties of honour, by depriving me of what I justly deserve, in favour of another.—May I be sure that you will never consent to it?

TER. You seem to doubt me, Count.

CHAR. No, my soul's delight, I do not; and if I do utter any thing, which may border on doubt, my situation may justify it, and my ardent love for thee, authorises it.—But you never will consent to be the Baron's?

TER. Never.

CHAR. Then shall I expect that you will consent to be mine.

TER.

TER. Never, without the consent of my father.

CHAR. Never!—Are you resolved to make me for ever wretched! not without the consent of your father!—What satisfaction can this be to me? May I not as well see thee in the arms of another, since you will not consent to be mine!—Go, cruel woman, go, give your hand to the Baron; —bereave me at once of all hope; by it you'll do me a kind service, though cruel in it's effect.

TER. Do you advise me to it, Sir?—Shall I give my hand to the Baron?—

CHAR. Alas! you know I would not advise you to it. But what will not a heart, disappointed as mine is, inspire my tongue to utter?—Can you not, at least, give me some security for thy affections, to satisfy my love?

K

TER.

TER. Do you doubt me?

CHAR. I do not, I do not, my heart's darling. However, it would give me a proof of thy love, if you would make some solemn concession or other, whereby, our affections may have a mutual sanction and tye.

TER. What will you have me say?

CHAR. Vow before the all-seeing eye, that thou never will consent to be any other's but mine, whilst my actions, conduct, and fidelity to you, justify your vow.

TER. I do vow; and invoke Heaven to ratify and give it sanction.

CHAR. Then, when I in thought, word or deed, violate this vow, may vengeful Heaven punish me, as my perjury may deserve.

HE

He caught her in his arms as he finished these words, and held her so for some time, and not a word passed on either side, but sighs and half-uttered terms of affection.—The remainder of their conversation was so very pathetick and tender, that I often wished to be out of the garden. I was motionless, and the tears in spight of me gushed from my eyes;—I never was so situated in my life, nor ever would I desire to be so again.

It was time for them to separate, at length; and, lest I should be an ear witness of their tender adieu, I made to the gate, as silent as possible, and got into the street, where I waited for the Count, who came to me shortly after; and we proceeded each to our separate apartments, without one syllable uttered on either side. He was wrapt up in the reverie of his preced-

ing tete a tete, and what I had heard, made me too pensive, to covet a conversation that time.

How cruel a thing it is, my friend; in the Marechal, to oppose the inclinations of two, whom Heaven seems to have formed to love each other. How can he reconcile even his conduct in behalf of the Count to the world;—to delude him to become an apostate to his interest and religion; and, in downright violation of his contract and promise, not only to betray and make a dupe of him, but to persist in his intention, to make one of the most amiable of women and obedient daughter, for ever miserable.—He must, if he perseveres in his unjust designs, have much to answer for before both God and man. The consideration of the bad treatment of my friend, inspires even me, with a thirst
for

for revenge, and I would indulge in, but
that the object is the father of his beloved.

Adieu,

VALSAIN.

K 3

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count
de LOMONT.

THE news of the court is so immaterial to me, and I am convinced, also to you, when the interest or welfare of our friend is in question, that I will not trouble you with a detail of it ; tho' indeed, there are many incidents every day here, which would amuse you ; but, so well I know your honest heart, that you would forego your curiosity, to the desire of being acquainted with the concerns of a bosom friend.

FORTUNE seems to have reserved more affliction for poor Charles, than what he has already made the essay of. His brother, with a prudent view, has, knowing
the

the inflexibility of the Marechal's nature, fixed his eye on Mademoiselle de la Valliere, a very rich heiress, for him, and has made overtures already to the lady's friends, who approve of it, the more so, because the young lady is deeply smitten with the Count. She has both merit and beauty, and Charles knows it, and he knows also, that she has a great partiality for him. This last circumstance distresses him much, as he cannot make the least return for so much unmerited favour; for it deserves the title of unmerited. I know the nobleness of his soul, and so do you; he would rather be the object of the scorn and contempt of mankind, than to receive one honour, which he could not adequately answer. Mademoiselle de Valliere knows his spirit, and is acquainted with his situation, but can love be controled by reason or advice? she loves him to distraction, yet loves with so much caution and generosity, that she conceals it from him and

every one else, as much as the preposterous passion will allow. Charles is occasionally polite to her, but avoids her company, as much as she seeks his: for it is made a remark, that wherever the Count de St. Blaise appears, Mademoiselle de la Villiere is sure to be there; the ill-natured are heavy enough on her for it; but persons of reason cannot blame the dear creature for endeavouring to have at least the small comfort of beholding the object of her truly hopeless love. Let us put ourselves in her case, and ask our hearts, whether we would not act so, or not.—Certainly we would, and even discover greater weaknesses on the occasion, than the sex ever do.

CHARLES has positively refused his consent to this match. His brother is furious about it, and is so confident of bringing the Count to a sense of his interest, as he styles it, that he declares, he will not desist from his solicitations in the affair. But I know Charles so very well, that the prospect,

pect, or even immediate offer of a crown, would not make him change his mind from his first affection.

MADAMOISELLE de Chamont is daily persecuted with prayers and menaces by her father, and tortured with the addresses of her lover; her situation is indeed pitiable; she is divided between her duty and her love; so great an example of filial piety and obedience does not exist. She loves the Count to distraction, and yet she would sooner sacrifice that love, than harbour the smallest thought of disobedience in her mind. She is to be commended for it, and is also not free from blame. A virtue when carried too far, loses it's excellence; it is her case now. A parent, unreasonable beyond bounds, forfeits the obedience, which a child owes him or her. But such a doctrine might as well be preached to the rugged Alps as to her, for what effect it would have on her.

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THEY have no other comfort but that of seeing one another at stolen hours. It is true, they see each other in publick, but to their mortification, they cannot speak. The Baron is ever at her heels, and she in compliance to her father, forces herself to be civil to him; he knows very well that she hates him, yet he is so ungenerous as to persevere in his addresses to her. For my part, if I thought that the woman, on whom I placed my affections, had an aversion to me, I would shun her, tho' to the forfeiture of my eternal peace, as I would a crocodile. I was very much afraid that St. Blaise would quarrel with him at the Thuilleries the other evening. He and I happened to enter the garden gate, as the Baron was handing Mademoiselle de Chamont out of the coach. Charles was so transported with rage and jealousy at the sight, that he was for drawing his sword and running up to the Baron, I happily diverted

diverted him from it, and brought him off with me.

How this unhappy affair may turn out, I am unable to guess. Our lovers have very unfavourable prospects on their side. The father declares, that if she does not consent to marry the Baron, he will confine her for life in another country, where she shall never more see the Count. She on the other hand, has ventured to be so far rebellious, as to say, that she never will marry him; while the Count threatens vengeance on the father and the Baron, if they attempt to force her. My heart bleeds at their situation, and I am afraid that the end will turn out fatal to one party or the other. My own concerns, I declare to you, are lost in those of my friend, and I have scarce a thought left to say to you, that I am your sincere,

VALSAIN.

L E T-

L E T T E R XLV.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count
de LOMONT.

A N O T H E R misfortune has befallen our unhappy friend. The Marechal found out that his daughter gave private meetings to the Count, in the garden by night, and has, to deprive them of every means of correspondence, brought her into the country, whither the Baron, as it was concerted between the father and him, I suppose, followed them. This stroke is too heavy for Charles to bear; he rages like a bedlamite, his words and actions denote the greatest frenzy, and we are all much alarmed lest he should commit something desperate on himself. He would have pursued them, but that the King interfered his authority, by forbidding him to stir from Paris without his licence. His friends

friends are very urgent to persuade him to think of Mademoiselle de Villiere, and I think them very unreasonable for doing so in the present state of mind, he now is in; for every time they mention it to him, he is like an untamed lion, and will give them no other answers to the questions which they put to him, than distracted frowns and heart-fetched sighs. I am ever with him; he takes food from no one but me; he often, after a pensive silence, will look at me with eyes of friendship, catch me by the hand; and cry,—my friend,—my only friend! and then burst out into a flood of tears. I fear that his heart will break, grief and disappointment have such an effect on him; I never saw any one have so great a change in his countenance within this time past, than he. When his brother, or any of his relations, come to visit him, he will not appear to them, lest they should urge him to come into their measures.

If

IF love rewards it's faithful votaries in this manner, I am by no means surprized, that the more rational part of mankind should inveigh so bitterly against it. It is said, that it softens the manners, improves the mind, and inspires the soul with a nobleness of sentiment; but I would think it more eligible to remain in native barbarity, than to acquire such refinement at the expence of our happiness, for the remainder, perhaps, of our lives. Would this life be worth the wishing for, if we could not be happy in it? No, certainly; and therefore, every thing which contributes not to constitute happiness, should be avoided, let it's prime allurements be ever so flattering.

You shall hear again from me in a few days, when, I hope, that I shall send you more pleasing accounts of our dear, unhappy friend. Adieu.

VALSAIN.

L E T.

LETTER XLVI.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

THE final blow is given to compleat the misery of the Count.—Teresa is married, and with her own consent. I should not believe the report of it so easily, did I not see the confirmation of it from her own hand to Charles, with whom I was, the moment he received the letter.—She wrote to him to this purport.

“ As I see the impossibility of our love being rewarded by a union, I think it reasonable in me to advise you to drop any further thought of me, since our mutual interest and future happiness is manifestly, by the opposition, which our inclinations have met with, to depend only on our separation from each other for ever. Reconcile yourself to this stroke of fortune, and be assured, that reason only dictates what

what I now write. May you be happy in the possession of a woman more worthy of your love, as I will endeavour to be so by obeying my father, in giving my hand to the Baron de ———."

RECONCILE myself, said he, with a more composed air than I expected after reading it, to this stroke of fortune! — I will; — and may the curse of thy violated vow fall heavy on thee, thou perjured, abandoned hyæna. — Come, Valsain, let us shake off this lethargy, in which I have hitherto wallowed. — Let us join in exclaiming against the whole sex; for who can think that fidelity exists in any woman? since Teresa de Chamont has proved false! She, who vowed eternal love so often to me, and so long opposed her father's will! She, who appeared all divine without, and proved so perfidious within! — but I will dwell no more on this subject; let her own perjured heart be her punishment, as my innocence and constancy

stancy will prove my consolation. — He paused a while, and then continued. — I am resolved, and will do it : My brother shall be indulged and all my friends pleased. I will marry Mademoiselle de Valliere. — But, ah! what am I saying! — can I so soon forget how I loved, how I, even now love in spite of her perfidy, the loveliest, tho' falsest of women! — Yes, I love her, — Perhaps she still is innocent! It may be a forgery; but can I be mistaken? no, it is her hand, her false, perjured hand! — I will, I must, and — shall forget her! I will to my brother this instant, and inform him of my resolution to marry Mademoiselle de Valliere. — She loves me, they say, and tho' she cannot make me happy, I may, perhaps make her so. I will do this one service to the perfidious sex.

As he finished these words, he rose up, called for his carriage, and went instantly to his brother. I would have accompanied

210 CHARLES AND TERESA.

panied him, but that I was desirous of informing you of this extraordinary event. Farewel.

VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

HIS friends have taken advantage of his mood of mind, and concluded the matter to the satisfaction of every one except himself. — He was married yesterday morning to Mademoiselle de Valliere, a Lady, of a most amiable disposition, gentleness of manners, formed to charm any one, but the Count, and worthy of a better fate. She displayed a nobleness of soul an hour before the nuptials, which astonished every one who heard of it, and even St. Blaise. She told him, that she had something particular to say, and prayed him, to attend her into an adjacent apartment. He obeyed, and when she found that they were in no fear of being heard, she addressed him thus. “ You
“ cannot be insensible, Count, that I have
“ long

“ long indulged a particular affection for
 “ you, tho’ I knew that I could never ex-
 “ pect the slightest return. In vain did I
 “ endeavour to stifle the growing incli-
 “ nation! It was stronger than my power,
 “ and in fine, it was love confessed! You
 “ are certain I never strove to make it ap-
 “ pear to you, tho’ it appeared manifestly in
 “ spight of me.—I saw your own situation,
 “ and I pitied you; but I envied your mi-
 “ strefs, and even had the cruelty to wish for
 “ what now has happened. I own myself
 “ guilty for it, but can reason get the
 “ better of love? In fine, I love you be-
 “ yond the conception of human ideas.
 “ I know you do not, nor cannot love
 “ me; nor would I arrive at this honour
 “ you are about to do me, but for the
 “ perfidy of your mistress. — Tho’ Mada-
 “ moiselle de Chamont has deceived you,
 “ your love cannot be abated by her de-
 “ ceit. It is revenge which drives you on
 “ to accept of my hand, and the same re-
 “ venge ever victorious over reason, stifles
 “ for

“for the time the impulses of your love;
 “but when subsided, as it certainly will,
 “your former tenderness will return for
 “your false beloved, with redoubled ar-
 “dour, and then you will think me the
 “cause of all your misery. Therefore,
 “e’er it be too late reflect on what you
 “are about to do. I know you cannot, if
 “you consider right, be reconciled to this
 “step you are going to take. ’Tis I who
 “advise you against it, for be assured,
 “that tho’ I do love you so well, I would
 “retire to a convent, and spend the resi-
 “due of my days in retirement and re-
 “gret, rather than be your wife on con-
 “ditions, than which you cannot offer
 “better. — I conjure you once for all, do
 “not sacrifice yourself to the person you
 “cannot love, out of spirit of weak re-
 “sentment. Let me alone be miserable;
 “I will endeavour to bear my fate in a
 “single state; but it would be intolerable
 “after giving you my hand to be the ob-
 “ject of your coolness, regret, and per-
 “haps, your contempt and hatred.”

THIS

THIS generous expostulation surprised Charles so, that he had scarce power to reply. — You seem to hesitate, continued she, and I hope that your reason in this critical moment will come to your aid. —

It is come to my aid, faltered he, and forbids me to take your counsel. — I am resolved to have no one but you. You alone deserve every thing that gratitude can bestow. You already have my sincerest friendship, and in time shall have my love, I am convinced that you will. Your beauty is trifling in competition with the charms of your generous mind; but both together will not fail of their desired effect over my grateful heart. I feel their effects already, and if you honour me with your hand, we will this day make the essay. — Nay, now you are about to object, but I will hear no more on this head. — So saying, he caught her in his arms and pressed her close to his breast. He then lead her to the company, who were invited to the ceremony, and to her honour

honour and in spite of the confusion which her modesty betrayed, he disclosed to all present the subject of their conversation in private. — In a short time after the connubial knot was tied.

How superlatively great does the conduct of this young lady, make her appear above her sex! I pity her from my soul, that she did not bestow her heart on one, who could reward her by an equal return! She went to the altar not with the tremulous confusion of a happy bride, but as one conscious of being the victim of jealousy and resentment; whilst the Count on the other hand, notwithstanding his apparent cheerfulness, had regret, despair and ill-disguised dislike stamped on his visage! What a sacrifice was this my friend? I have a great mind to hate Charles, for the dear creature's sake. I know that he cannot love her. It is impossible that a first love can be effaced from the mind. It may, by disappoint-
ment

ment and inconstancy, on the side of the beloved object, grow less, but it will ever predominate over any second inclination.

I HAVE lost my friend in the man of despair! He affords me little of his company, and when he does, he only gives me cause to regret that amiable companion, who was the delight of your boyish days, as well as of those of your sincere,

VALSAIN.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

SO far have I conducted you through this disagreeable mire, and we are to wade through a still more distressing part of it.

THE report of Madamofelle de Chamont's marriage was false, but is now too true. You are astonished at this, and I do not wonder. It is a mystery to every one here, — that the world should have it for certain to be so, and confirmed by her own hand writing to the Count, and not to be married until this day, as they positively were not, are circumstances which appear very extraordinary.

BE it as it will, the Count was no sooner unhappily married, and the news of it spread abroad, than it reached Teresa's ears,

L

who

who was still faithful; inflamed with jealousy and urged by resentment, she consented to marry the Baron.

IMAGINATION cannot form an idea of what the unhappy Charles suffers by this stroke of fate. He one time accuses himself as being the cause of her and his own misery, and at another, when the incontestable proof of the letter occurs to him, he believes her false and imagines that the first report and the delay afterwards of her marriage, were schemes designed to make him prove false, and thereby to render him the more miserable and her less to be blamed.

For my part I believe that Teresa never harboured the least infidelity in her breast, and I am convinced that there has been some evil minister or other at work secretly to effect this irremediable breach. I would almost swear that she never wrote the letter, though it bears an exact resemblance

semblance to some of her's in St. Blaise's possession. It is beyond all dispute a forgery, but the exactest I ever saw. Her father is at the bottom of the whole, and time will prove him to be so.

WHAT a hardness of heart must they be endowed with, who cause either by thought, word or deed, the misery or unhappiness of others. If you kill a man, you free him for ever from a sense of corporal pain, but stab one only and you give him a temporary torture, which time may alleviate; either of these are very excusable in competition with the crimes, which the defamer, slanderer or dissention sower are guilty of, for they not only wound, but also murder by the slowest of deaths, the devoted object at once oppressed, by conscious innocence accused, regret and despair without the least glimpse of hope.

To all the inconveniences, troubles and disappointments of life, there is an allay, except those which arise from the vicissitudes of love. In its sweetest moments the sufferer tastes not true comfort, and in its bitter ones he essays a terrestrial hell. — What can a man promise to himself by indulging it? Nothing, but barter his former content for an imaginary happiness, which he cannot even scarce form an idea of in his fondest reverie.

THIS affair silences every other subject, it is in the mouths of every one, and various are the conjectures of every one, and yet no one can find out the true cause of the misunderstanding. — We are in hopes that the Count will be prevailed on by us to travel, as he may in some measure by it dissipate his settled melancholy, and alleviate the distractions of his mind; more I despair of from him. — He loved too well

well ever to forget what he suffers by it. —

It may be justly said, that they were both entangled in a hopeless flame, and I hope that here it will end, at least it ought. This I am sure is your prayer as well as that of your sincere

VALSAIN.

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LET.

LETTER XLIX.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

WE have gotten a full eclaircissement of the affair. If I had the good-hap to live some fifteen hundred years earlier, I would certainly be one of the college of augurs and prophets. How right I was in my guess that the Marechal was the author of our lovers unhappy unions! He, like all obstinate over prudent fathers, was of opinion, that if he could by any means get her to marry the Baron, affection, grounded on duty to the awful name of husband, would, in spight of the transitory, as he called it, affection, which she had for the Count, naturally follow. To effect his design, he to little purpose made an essay of every thing, which his invention offered to him, until at last his fancy rested upon a letter to the Count, counterfeiting her own hand, which he, charm-
ed.

ed with the plausibility of the project, promised to himself infallible success; it had the desired success. The letter was counterfeited by one of Teresa's women, and couched in the stile and manner you have already seen by the father.

THIS we heard from the woman herself, who touched with remorse at being the cause of these amiable personages misfortunes, confessed it to Teresa who disclosed it to me, and I to the unhappy Count.

He is unhappy in every sense of the word. — His countenance is so changed, that you would hardly know him, and his reason is so bewildered, that you would suppose him to be incapable of the sensations of either pleasure or pain! His unhappy lady is indeed to be pitied! She sees his situation with an eye of the tenderest compassion. In silence she sympathizes in his sorrows, and seems by her countenance to say, that she herself is the

cause of all his woe. — Lovely amiable woman, born to a better fate, but alas! sacrificed to insatiable and resenting jealousy. — My heart was melted to a degree of weakness, at hearing her make this melancholy and pathetic reflection last night, occasion by a shower of involuntary tears, which gushed from Charles's eyes. — If my Lord had taken my advice, though insignificant, an hour before our fatal union, he would not make me the innocent cause of his misery! — I alone, then, would be wretched; but I might have the consolation to think that the only person whom on earth I loved, was happy in the full possession of what he loved! — Her greatness of soul appeared in these words most strikingly. I could do nothing but gaze with astonishment at her, and could scarce give credit to my ears, that it was possible to hear a woman speak in such a strain! If I could quarrel with Charles, it is for making such an angel of a woman unhappy. She seems to neglect her own

own sorrows to ease his. She watches all his motions and strives to be before-hand with his thoughts, when she thinks that he wishes for any thing. He returns all her endearing civilities with a torpid coolness, and yet no way dismayed by his behaviour, she chearfully perseveres.

ALAS! my friend, it distresses me much that I have nothing pleasing to communicate to you. The same melancholy stile appears in all my letters, and if there be any variety in them, it is one circumstance more mournful than another. — There is no remedy now, the measure of their sorrows is filled, but not ended! Nothing but the grave where the wicked cease from hurting and the weary be at rest, can now give them peace! A sad alternative at so young a period of life, as these poor sufferers have touched at. I will grow melancholy if I dwell longer on this head. Adieu,

VALSAIN.

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P. S. I for-

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Teresa is gone to Lorraine with the Baron, there, as she says herself, to hide her sorrows from mankind, and prefer her prayers to the throne of mercy, that those who have been the cause of them may meet with pardon in this and the next life. I am in hopes that now she is gone, Charles may receive some ease from his sufferings, and by a course of time recover his wonted serenity and chearfulness, though at present there is scarce a dawn of comfort, even so slightly apparent to be hoped for.

LET

LETTER L.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

SINCE my last to you, St. Blaise has been missing, and no account can be had of him. We are all alarmed lest he should be tempted to make away with himself, and our fears on this head are not groundless, as a few days before he was missing, his despair became deeper and his melancholy much increased; the Countess of St. Blaise admits of no comfort, she is all distraction, not so much for his separation from her, as for his own safety.

SURELY he would not be tempted to follow the Baronefs? — I believe he would not, it is not to be suspected: Emissaries are sent to every part of the kingdom, where it could be supposed that he might go to, but as yet to none effect. — Where
can

can he be? What to think or say we know not. God grant he may be alive! If it be, that he is not, I am in terrors about his poor unhappy lady. The very suspicion of his being no more, I fear will cost her her life. She revives from one fit but to fall into another, the Duke his brother is in the greatest apprehensions about him, I am a daily eye-witness to their anxieties and alarms, but am myself so affected with them that I have not power to console or offer my advice. That I may have good news to send you in my next, is the only wish which you can expect from your

VALSAINE.

LET.

LETTER LI.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

READ the two inclosed letters; in them you will find a period put to this unhappy love affair, there will you see to what excesses that ungovernable passion urges beings endowed with the gift of reason; it is, you see, the ruin of one of the most amiable and most accomplished of men, whose charms of mind and body had no parallel, and who, until unthinking love clouded his fair days, had reason, wit and sense, in a superlative degree. — The cruel Deity, I fear, will not be satiated with his dear life alone! — I will keep you no longer in suspense of what you are to know. — Read —

Dear Gentlemen, when I declared to you the impossibility of reconciling his dear life, I thought he would have killed himself. However, by some glimpse of hope

To the Marquis de VALSAIN.

SIR,

CONVINCED that you and the other friends of the Count de St. Blaise, will be uneasy to know what is become of him, as he informs me that whither he went is a secret, I take the liberty to acquaint you that he is now at Nancy. His intention for coming here is to see the Baroness. He wrote to me to solicit my aid for the accomplishment of his design, what to do in the affair I know not. — On receipt of his letter I went to Nancy to him, lest his despair and love might tempt him to come to Chateau de — and by so doing, perhaps, be the destruction of the Baroness and himself; if the Baron should get any information of it. Poor dear Gentleman, when I declared to him the impossibility of accomplishing his desire, I thought he would have killed himself. However, by some glimpse of hope and

and reasoning with him, I put him off for the present of his purpose. He will not, I am certain, be long so; therefore, I request of you, that you will let me know immediately how I shall act. — The Baroness knows nothing of his being here, nor would I choose that she did, as it would add greatly to her distresses; every change in her is for the worse, absence rather whets the stings of her sorrows than blunts them. — The Baron loves her to distraction, and that hurts her generous soul, because she cannot make the smallest return. — In a word, she is no longer for this world, she pines insensibly away, and wishes constantly for the hand of death.

I CONJURE you, Sir, as you tender the Count's welfare, let me know what is best to be done, as otherwise, I shall not be longer able to withstand his importunities. I am with much respect your, &c.

AGNES de PRES.

To

To the Marquis de VALSAIN.

ALL is over with three of the most unhappy persons who ever lived! By the time that this shall reach you, I fear that they will be no more!

You must know, Sir, that the day after I wrote to you, contrary to all my remonstrances, the rash, I must beg leave to call him so, the rash youth hurried away by his passion, set out for the Chateau. He lay concealed about the gardens for the opportunity of her coming out to walk. This day, alas, accursed day! she, I know not by what unhappy fate, proposed to take the air. — He saw her. — Guess her situation, when she beheld him at her feet! — He grasped her hand. — She fainted in my arms.

In this their situation, the Baron entered the garden. — The Count notwithstanding his attention to his dear Mistress, saw him, and

and rage and jealousy getting the mastery of his love, bounced up on his feet, drew his sword, and ran directly towards the unfortunate Baron. — They fought and fell both together! — They are not yet dead, but the surgeons say, that there is no hopes of their lives. —

THE Baroness is acquainted with the unhappy affair, it could not be concealed from her. — She has been within these few hours speechless and void of all sensibility. The only sign of life to be found in her, is that she breaths. Her physicians have no hopes of her either. Alas! I cannot write you more. — You can judge yourself what is now to be done.

AGNES de PRES.

WHAT can we say, my friend? Have we not lost our dearest friend? Alas! we have! Three expiring sacrifices now on the altar of that cruel Divinity, — infernal Divinity. — I shall wage eternal war with
all

all who shall dare to call it divine! —
 Destruction! We have lost our friend!
 We have lost our all, our every comfort,
 in that dear friend. — What's this life at
 best? — A span, a bubble! And when we
 lose the dearest companions of our bosoms,
 what is it? — A dreary waste, — void of
 every comfort! — I am now weary of life!
 — I must set off this instant to pay the last
 duties of friendship to my St. Blaise.
 Adieu.

VALSAIN.

E. E. T.

LETTER LII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

From Chateau de * * * in Lorraine.

I ARRIVED too late to have the happiness of receiving the last farewell, from our dear lost friend. He expired on the morning of the day of my arrival, and the much to be pitied Baron in two hours after him. They both a little before their dissolution, exchanged a mutual forgiveness. It is a comfort to think, that they died in peace with each other, and I hope with the whole world.

WHAT a melancholy sight was it for me, on my entrance into this habitation of woe, to see those two young men cut off in the flower of their youth, and laid out in all the form of lugubrious state!

I cannot

I cannot describe to you my situation and reflections at that moment.

THIS morning the Baron was interred in the family vault at Nancy, in the cymetary of the Huguenot church, and to-morrow early the count is to be conveyed to ——— in Provence, to be deposited among his illustrious ancestors. Dear, dear remains, accept my grateful tear, the only mark of friendship, which now, alas! I can bestow you! Peace to your gentle shade, we sincerely wish thee peace, tho' thou hast by thy rashness deprived thy friend of it!

THE measure of our sorrow is not yet filled up. The Marchioness languishes still. Her period is near at hand; but death as unkind to her as love was, delays her dissolution, to prolong her sufferings.

SHE sent for me, when she heard that I was arrived. How kind is this in you,
cried

cried she, as well as her feeble state would allow, to take the trouble of coming so far, to be a sad spectator of your dear friends misfortunes! It comforts me, that I am yet alive to thank you for him, as now, I believe, he is not, (tho' they are unkind enough to conceal his fate and the Baron's from me,) in a situation to acknowledge this act of friendship! How grateful, continued she, perceiving the tears to drop from my eyes, are your tears! but, ah, they are now vain. I feel for you: Dry them up, and let this benevolence of heart be spent in comforting his sorrowful relations. Tell them, that he was not so much to blame, as he may be represented; that it was I, who have been the cause, and willingly forfeit this life to expiate my fault. If you should chance to see my father, tell him, that with my dying breath I beg his forgiveness, for the disobedience I have been guilty of to him, and that if he had not in the beginning favoured my inclinations, I would not indulge them to the forfeiture of the duty, which

which I owed to a parent. Tell him this, and also tell him, that with my latest breath I ask his pardon. — Farewel, Marquis, and may you enjoy that happiness, which cruel love has deprived us of. — One thing I entreat of you before you go, and you must grant it to me, that I may be laid in the same tomb with the Count. I shall at least by it have in death that comfort, which when living I could not enjoy. — Farewel, and endeavour to be happy. Her weakness obstructed the passage of her speech, and she stopt speaking thro' want of strength, and was obliged to recline her head on her woman's breast, who sat under her to support her. I told her, that I would do my endeavours to satisfy her in the request which she made me. Joy was apparent on her countenance at my condescension, she bowed her head in token of approbation, and stretched out her hand to me, which I kissed, and indeed, bathed with my tears, for I could no longer restrain them. I quitted the
 apart-

apartment immediately, lest my sensibility might distress her.

I HEAR the noise of carriages in the court, I must away to receive them, as there is no one here now to do the honours of this dreary house but myself. Adieu.

VALSAIN.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Marquis de VALSAIN to the Count de
LOMONT.

REMORSELESS death is at length
glutted in one house. The Baroness
is no more, for ever above the sensation
of transitory passions! She expired last
night in the arms of—whom? In the arms
of her rival, of the Countess de St. Blaise,
and in the presence of the Marechal her fa-
ther, and the Duke the brother of St. Blaise,
who arrived together here in the evening
of yesterday.

WE were all seated at supper last night,
when one of Teresa's women ran to us
with distraction and despair in her face,
crying out, she is expiring! We rose up
immediately and hastened to her chamber.
The Countess had wings, flew and held
the departing angel in her arms, before
we could reach the apartments. What a
fight

fight was it for us to behold? the wife of St. Blaife sinking under the almost lifelefs body of her, who was the innocent caufe of all her woes, and bedewing it in filence with her tears; bedewing the body of her for whom her Lord would have facrificed the whole world! Such tendernefs and affection, fuch noblenefs of foul is not to be paralell'd.

IT was a fainting fit the dear creature was feized with, and out of it ſhe recovered no more! She breathed her laſt in the Countefs's arms, in the preſence of her inconfolable father, the Duke and me, who were equally as inconfolable!

NEVER did any one go better prepared before the tremendous judge of heaven and earth than ſhe. Her heart during her illnefs, was in conſtant commerce with her God, and the moment before ſhe expired, I could perceive her endeavouring to put
M. her

her feeble hands together, but had not the power.

THE Countess next demanded our attention. She sunk beneath her melancholy burden, and fell into a swoon, I thought for some time that she was also lifeless; but on removing the Baroness from her arms, and applying some vivifying cordial, she came to herself. She takes her grief much to heart, and I am in apprehension, that her spirits are too weak to support it long.

As soon as permission is obtained for interring the Baroness in consecrated earth, she will be conveyed to ——— to be deposited near our dear Count; afterwards the surviving part of us, mournful inhabitants of this now much to be detested house, will proceed to Paris, where the only consolation in my present situation, would be the enjoyment of your company; but

but that, I fear, I must for a time, despair of.

THUS ended the lives of two persons, whose only fault was excess of love. If this passion could be managed by discretion, it might have many salutary effects: It is the cement of marriage happiness, and confers on the objects a taste in miniature of that bliss, which is the reward of good deeds hereafter; but otherwise, it proves the origin of many evils, and too, too often, as you have seen, the destruction of all who have the misfortune to be tainted with it. In fine, we may deduce from this sad catastrophe, salutary advice to those of both sexes,—that love when not guided by reason, must in the end degenerate into an irretrievable fault.

THAT all whom you or I have the happiness of wishing well, and all mankind in general, may take example by our now, alas! loved friends fate, is the wish.

244 CHARLES AND TERESA.

wish of the sincerest of thy friends.
Adieu.

VALSAIN..

P. S. If you come not soon to me, I
shall be under the pleasing necessity of
surprizing you with a visit.

F I N I S.



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